The Motoh

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



A STAR BY CANDLELIGHT: THE HON. MRS. DENNIS WYNDHAM.

The Hon. Mrs. Dennis Wyndham is the third daughter of Lord | She is well known as a film star, under the name "Miss Poppy and Lady Inchcape, and the wife of Captain Dennis Wyndham."—[Photograph by Hugh Cocil.]

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER—AND COLOURED PICTURES.

The Christmas Number of "The Sketch" will be on sale on December 1st. With it is a presentation plate in full colours, "Don't Wake Up Love," by Suzanne Meunier; and in it are a coloured double-page and coloured pages by Leo Fontan. Bernard Higham, Barribal, and Lawson Wood. Amongst the other chief features are stories by W. Douglas Newton and other well - known authors; and comic and seasonable pictures by Frank Reynolds, Will Owen, W. Heath Robinson, G. E. Studdy, J. R. Skelton, Gladys Peto, and others. Those desiring copies should order them at once from bookstall or newsagent's. The price will be two shillings.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD (" Chicot.")

"Fifty Years in the Royal Navy," by Admiral An Admiral With Imagination. Sir Percy Scott, Bt., will teach you not to be ahead of your time. All men with imagination are intended to be ahead of their time; that is why they are gifted with imagination. This gift is unique, being a blessing and a curse

Sir Percy Scott has lived to see his ideas adopted and his pre dictions verified. At the first blush, that may seem to you a consolation; on calm reflection, you will perhaps wonder whether it is not better for the man ahead of his time to pass away before the ruck catch up. For the man ahead of his time, or the man with what is called originality, seldom gets the credit of his ideas. Some fellow picks them up as they fall, chews on them in his slow and cunning fashion, and eventually produces them as his own at the moment when the public is capable of understanding them.

For all that, Sir Percy Scott seems to have enjoyed his lifelong tussles with the Admiralty. His breast seems to have swelled with a savage glee whenever " My Lords " let a good thing go by. There is one very delightful illustration to the book. It is a photograph showing the gallant Admiral in skating costume and a felt hat. Both arms and one leg are gracefully outstretched, and the legend reads: "My Occupation when the Admiralty, had They Appreciated my Director Firing, would have kept me Busy.'

I happen to History Repeats have taken a Itself. Itself. particular interest in this book because I had the honour to be one of Sir Percy Scott's corps d'élite-the expression is his, not mine-when he was in charge of the London defences against aircraft.

"They were men of brains," declares Sir Percy, "who, moved by patriotic motives, put on the uniform of petty officer or able seaman and submitted in a splendid spirit to the necessary conditions of service."

That is a generous tribute. Personally, I was an "able seaman," and I remember that I had the temerity to put forward a suggestion

with regard to the flares shown by railway-engines at night. I had a house at that time near two main lines at a strategic point some twenty miles out of London, and I had often been shocked to observe that every engine was a pillar of fire by night to conduct enemy aircraft straight to the heart of London.

So I ventured to approach a Sub-Lieutenant on the matter. In private life he was a bank clerk, I think. I told him I would like to have permission to travel on an engine with a view to devising a scheme for shutting off this pillar of fire. My offer was received with the utmost coldness. "We've thought of all that," he said.

The idea was carried out-three years later.

Very often you will hear of an imaginative person committing suicide. This is not in the Imagination and the Antidote. least surprising. If you read the revelations of Sir Percy Scott, for example, you will wonder that he managed to retain his reason. But he did retain it, and he could even go skating in the midst of the Great War. Why? What was the antidote? A sense of humour.

Mr Winston Churchill, you will remember, when out of office fell to painting pictures. Lord Jellicoe, after leaving the Grand Fleet, emulated Sir Percy Scott and went skating. Had these men not had a sense of humour they would have committed suicide. Beware, then, of cultivating your gift of imagination unless at the same time you cultivating the same time you cultivation. vate your sense of humour. Imagination distorts the sense of proportion; a sense of humour restores it. The imaginative person sees the whole

universe and all that is therein illuminated by a dazzling light so intense that it scorches the eyes of the soul; when he can bear it no longer, he pops on his humorous spectacles, and they bring him back to the normal

When a man mislays these spectacles, or tries to do without them, he goes mad. The person without a vivid imagination does not require them so much - which is lucky, for they don't grow on every bush.



TWO "BEAUCAIRE" ARTISTS MARRIED: MR. ROBERT PARKER AND HIS BRIDE, MISS ISABEL RHYS. Robert Parker and Miss Isabel Rhys, who both played in

"Monsieur Beaucaire," were married recently. They left this country on their wedding day, and started off with the company to tour in America.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]

Here is a little The Lady and dialogue which the Constable. took place the other day in the streets of London between a lady and a constable-LADY: What are you?

CONSTABLE: I am a constable. LADY: I know that. I mean, are you for Tariff Reform or Free Trade?

CONSTABLE: As a constable, I prefer not to enter into politics.

LADY: You are a lot of rogues and thieves, and half the robberies are attributable to the police.

CONSTABLE: There is a crowd collecting. You had better go away.

LADY: I shall do nothing of the sort. You are very childish. Here was a clear case of a con-

stable with a sense of humour, and a lady with none. Because the constable had a sense of humour, and did not at once run her in after she had insulted the police, she called him childish. Having no sense of humour, she thought herself very superior to the constable. She saw herself, in fact, in the dazzling light that I have endeavoured to describe.

Many people see themselves in this dazzling light, and nothing is quite so blinding as a dazzling light. To people with humour they are ridiculous, but to people with sympathetic humour they are pathetic.

MRS. REGINALD POLE.

Under the portrait of Mrs. Reginald Pole as an orchid at the Victory Ball, in our issue of Nov. 19, we stated, on a photographer's authority, that she is a sister of the Right Hon. Thomas M'Kinnon Wood, late Secretary for Scotland. This is not the case, and we very much regret that a wrong statement should have been made.

SOME OUT-OF-DOOR POSES: IRISH SOCIETY AT HOME.

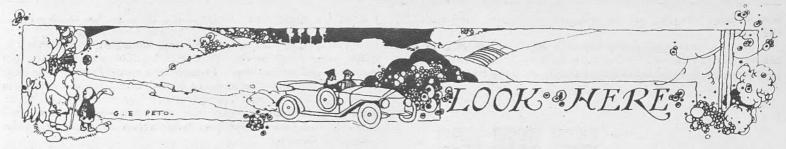


- 1. AT HOWTH CASTLE: (L. TO R.) MISS GASCOIGNE, MRS. GAISFORD ST. LAWRENCE, MISS DOROTHY GAISFORD ST. LAWRENCE, AND MISS M. S. GUINNESS.
- 2. A GOOD SNAPSHOT: LADY CALLAGHAN.

St. Lawrence, entertains a good deal at Howth Castle, Co. Dublin.----Lady Callaghan is the wife of Sir Alfred Callaghan, and the younger daughter of the late Charles Knighton-Warren, A.R.A.-Brigadier-General Claude Rome, D.S.O., married Lord Blyth's second daughter

- 3. SON-IN-LAW OF LORD BLYTH: BRIGADIER-GENERAL CLAUDE ROME, D.S.O.
- 4. AT BESSBOROUGH HOUSE: VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON.

Mrs. Gaisford St. Lawrence, wife of Commander Julian Charles Gaisford | in 1905. -- Viscount and Viscountess Duncannon are the son and daughter-in-law of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough. Viscountess Duncannon is the only daughter of Baron and Baroness de Neuflize. She has two sons, the Hon. Frederick and the Hon. Desmond Ponsonby, and one daughter, the Hon. Moyra Ponsonby.



ARIEGOLD was moody. She had accepted an invitation which meant leaving London. "It was so wet that day. Even my new furs didn't do the right thing by me. They let me down; they felt flat and cold. And my hats were all offcolour. And when I went out my stockings got splashed with mudthat new brew, mixed with oil. So I wrote and said I'd go. And now I repent it."

"Where are you going?" I asked.
"Scotland. Hang!" she said—only not exactly "hang."

"I'm a cheat—a renegade," she went on, "shoving off just when I wanted to stand by London and see November through. I'm pure London myself, London every time. I like to see people collect here and make a centre of it. I'm such a partisan that when I read the social column in the Times at breakfast I take sides. 'Lord and Lady St. Levan are staying in Belgrave Square till the end of the month.' That 's one for me. 'Lord Mayo is in town.' That 's another for me. Lady Moyra Cavendish-she's another



2. . . . She finds that everyone else wears dresses with long skirts and even sleeves, and Angela is the target for scandalised glances from all the company—except elderly gentlemen with an obvious past.

on my side. 'The King is shooting with Lord Iveagh'-well, the King was against me just then; but not for long. I generally win, in November.

"The Kelso Hunt Ball is what decided me to go. We haven't got anything quite like that in London," said Mariegold; " and while they are about it up there-with their dancing-pumps in their coatpockets, so to speak-they are having other balls. Mrs. McEwan of Marchmond is giving one—a great occasion to celebrate the opening of their wonderful new music-room; just built for them by Sir Robert Lorimer, who, according to us, is the Edwin Lutyens of the North, though the Scotch call Lutyens the Lorimer of the South. Anyway, it will be magnificent. You don't often hear me use big adjectives, do you?" she asked. "When I do, they mean something."

'Perhaps you're only making excuses for deserting," I said.

"No; I've been told not to miss the McEwan ball by somebody who knows which things count and which things don't. I've been carried off my feet. I generally am when there's a dance going. But I'm a deserter all the same, I know. I'll be sorry to miss my Sunday afternoon at the London Flying Club.'

'Perhaps I'll go-just for a dance or two, instead of moping

for you in my arm-chair and keeping the fire warm."
"Dreaming, you mean," said Mariegold. "You wake when the fire's gone out. But don't go dancing at the London Flying Club.' ". Why?" I asked.

"Because," she said, "you're not quite up to Lady Dalmeny's mark, or Lady Portarlington's. It will be some years before you dance as well as General Maitland or Lord Dudley. Wait till I come back and sacrifice myself again as your devoted partner. Only those who love you should be asked to-

"In that case," I said, "I will go. There may be other girls, Mariegold, besides yourself, who care for

me."
" Aw—forget it," she interrupted. I have noticed that Mariegold affects a slightly American mode of speech since reports have arrived here of the Prince of Wales's efforts in that line. Perhaps, having faith in her scheme for the alliance of the Prince with an American maiden, she is practising the correct Court tongue - the real King's English-of the future.

" And I'll be back, if it can be done," said Mariegold, "for the evening of Dec. 4, when Opera's off."
"Is that a good rea-

son?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "There 's no Opera, there 's something better. There's an Opera Ball, the takings to go towards the Beecham business. Now, if you've got Opera, and you knock

1. Whenever Angela thinks she will really enjoy herself—and wear her lowest and best frock . . .

it off for something else which is to give Opera more funds, it is suggestive, isn't it? It suggests that the something else is a very special show-a good thing, with money in it. Lady D'Abernon, whom you admired the other night-so prettily built and natty, so perfectly proportioned, the exact opposite of your prima-donnaswell, she's one of the patrons, and Lady Beatty's another. And there will be Bach music, and Dulac dresses."

The Dickens marriage at the Oratory was specially pretty, with all its flower-decked children. And the Oratory was, in a sense, the right place for a grand-daughter of Charles Dickens to get married

in. He had a dream which must have brought him very near to becoming a Catholic, but he didn't - his descendants have done it instead.

"What was his dream?" asked Mariegold.

"Well, he had a favourite sister-in-law, a girl who was his ideal of goodness and sweetness. They spoke (in the dream) about religion, and he asked her whether Catholicism was the best. 'The best for you,' she answered. He awoke tremendously affected, but that was all. But perhaps he gave a ghostly blessing to the Oratory couple the other day."



Next evening, feeling very chastened, Angela puts on a little frock with

"Talking of Dickens," said Mariegold, "I've been reading up 'A Tale of Two Cities.' It 's on my Scottish programme, you see. Lady Clementine Waring is having the 'Tale of Two Cities' stall at the Dickens Fair in Edinburgh. She doesn't have to read it up, of course; she's too clever. She knows all that sort of thing already. By the way, which are the two cities?" she asked.

"Sorry!" she said, seeing me at a loss. "Then it's no use asking you to advise me about my costume either. Lady Clementine's people are going to be fitted out as characters from the book. But



said, "Einstein's the greatest stroke of luck Germany has had for five years. You can say 'Einstein' quite loud in restaurants and other public places, and nobody resents it. He's put us on terms again with two very Teutonic syllables"

again with two very Teutonic syllables."

"Yes; I know all that," said Mariegold. "He's a big man, and we've just got to accept him. But why do his discoveries mean so much.? For instance, I'm told that every lover of the beautiful welcomes his new law—that it's of the very highest æsthetic merit. And yet life seems much the same to me.

The supshine was nice this morning but I can't see that

The sunshine was nice this morning, but I can't see that Einstein made it any nicer than it would have been. Tell me!"

I told her. I'm rather good on Einstein. But this is no place in which to challenge the authority of Euclid, or shake an ancient reverence for Newton.

shake an ancient reverence for Newton.
"Thank you," said Mariegold. "It's a little clearer to me. But I somehow miss the æsthetic significance. It doesn't help me to take the Wyndham Lewis portrait of Ezra

Pound seriously—the Ezra Pound part of it, I mean. And it doesn't reconcile me to Nevinson's Portrait of an Actress at the Leicester Galleries. I hope you haven't been to see it."

Mariegold is a prude. That is one of her charms in this age of freedom. So I risked a fib, and told her I hadn't.

The Hon. Everard Feilding is just married, or is just going to be, which means changes at No. 5, John Street.

"He's uncle to Lady Dorothie," said Mariegold, "and to the whole Feilding Commando, and—"

"An accepted amateur in ghosts," I said. "He's a great investigator; but I fancy the spirits often dodge him. He's got too much sense of humour to be very well received by the supernaturals."

"Too sprightly for the sprites," said Mariegold. "Odd, isn't it, ghosts never laugh much. They play horrible practical jokes, but there 's no real fun in them. I remember Everard Feilding describing a haunted house on the property of his brother, Lord Denbigh, in Wales. He had Francis Thompson with him, and they sat up all night and talked about poetry; and when dawn came, said Everard Feilding, 'we escorted the poet home across the snow, the ghost long since forgotten."

"Which was all rather casual from the Psychical Research point of view," I said, "and for a man who has really devoted himself to the supernatural."

"That's the only kind of supernaturalist I would care to marry," said Mariegold. "He knows that a great poet is more interesting

than a mediocre ghost. And he 'll probably be throwing over a whole bunch of other-world engagements now that he's got a wife. Do you know the words of the poet? ' she added thoughtfully. "It is 'so common to be dead, so rare to be alive.'
Well, 'that's
what Everard Feilding has realised. It 's better to have an affinity in the flesh than to have a dozen chilly spectres in

"Imagine dinner-jackets at Londonderry House!" I said. "What do you think of it?"

your haunted house in Wales, or

wherever it may be.'

5. Angela goes home heart-broken, and feels she will never go to a party again!

"I'm not outraged," said Mariegold; "I refuse to regard it as being in the same class as a Bolshy horror. It was strange, of course, to see the ladies in their full-dress diamonds, and the men so casual. Perhaps one *should* be a little sorry for the liveried footmen who have to mount guard in the cloak-room over cloth caps and goloshes and umbrellas; but flunkeys are, as a class, fated to bear the brunt of social changes—to be a little saddened."

"The Guards regiments are coming to the rescue," I observed. "Several times lately I have been told of the great event—that they are getting into red again. That will smarten up Pall Mall a trifle."

"No; it will make no difference," said Mariegold. "If they get into their pre-war red for regimental purposes, they will probably get back into their pre-war mufti before they take me out

to tea. So I've still nothing to dress up to."

"Lady Londonderry scored," said Mariegold. "Her reception was almost amusing, though it's going a little far to say that the old stagers - the P.M. or Lord Chaplin or Lord Rothschild or Lady Randolph Churchill - enjoyed it immensely. Those are polite fictions which cannot be reproduced in print without making even Lady Londonderry smile. But it was amusing, in a way; it abolished the old idea that there's no hope for a Government 'not in Society.' It showed that even men in misfits, with wives to match, can all the same fit into the new scheme, and cut quite important figures in the gilded saloons of Londonderry House."

"Lady Wimborne was there; she too 'enjoyed it immensely,' of course!" I said.

"Well, she's expert in such functions, anyway; and she was naturally interested up to a point—just as any other expert would be interested in his own line of business," said Mariegold.

"What's your line? I've never really discovered," I said.

"Oh, mine? Life—just life in general," she answered.



classic error of attending an ordinary party

in fancy dress.

BRIDES AND DEBUTANTES



Miss Gertrude Gwendoline O'Conor is the only surviving daughter of the late Mr. Charles M. O'Conor, of Mount Druid, Belangare, Castlerea. Her marriage to The O'Conor Don takes place on Dec. 11.—The marriage of Mr. Christopher Robert Harrison, eldest son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Harrison, of Bassett, Hants, and Mrs. Neame, takes place to-day (Nov. 26), at All Souls', Langham Place.—The Hon. Effic Mackay is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Inchcape. Her engagement to Mr. Eugen Millington Drake, of H. M. Diplomatic Service, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Millington-Drake, has been recently announced.—Miss Dorothy Westenra Hastings is the elder daughter of the Hon. Osmond Westenra Hastings, and niece of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon.—Miss Justina Dunbar-Dunbar-Rivers is the only daughter of the late Commander

PAGE OF YOUTH.



H. Dunbar-Dunbar-Rivers, R.N. and of Mrs. Dunbar-Dunbar-Rivers, of Glen of Rothes, Morayshire, and the fiancée of Captain Martin Eric Nasmith, V.C., R.N., eldest surviving son of Mr. M. A. Nasmith.—Miss Genesta Mary Heath, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Heath, is engaged to Mr. Arthur McNeill Farquhar, eldest son of Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, K.C.B., C.V.O., and Lady Farquhar, of Acheron, Dunboyne.—The Hon. Victoria Erskine is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Erskine. She did work as a V.A.D. parlourmaid during the war.—Lady Elizabeth Pelham is the elder of the Earl and Countess of Chichester's two daughters, and a débutante of the year. She has two brothers, Lord Pelham and the Hon. John Pelham, both still at school.—[Photographs by Swaine, Elliott and Fry, Lafayette, Mendoza Galleries, Sarony, and Malcolm Arbuthnol.]

A VITALIST AMONG PAINTERS - AND HIS HANDS.



EXHIBITING AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: HENRI MATISSE, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ARTIST.

M. Matisse has been described as a "vitalist" among painters, as his peculiar power is in painting life, the life, not the character, of human beings. Since one of his pictures was shown at the sensational First Post-Impressionist Exhibition in this country, London has only seen a few of his works, but thirty-six are now on view here. He is

acknowledged universally as being one of the great moderns, and the Exhibition now taking place gives a very good idea of his art, as lithographs, landscapes, and genre pictures are all represented at the Leicester Galleries. Our page shows studies of M. Matisse's hands as well as his latest photograph.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

THE SWAN: A PICTURE FROM BUENOS AYRES.



IN "LE CYGNE": MME. ANNA PAVLOVA - HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

Mme. Anna Pavlova, who has not been seen in England for quite a time now, is at present touring South America. Londoners have ballet of the death of the swan, to Saint-Saëns' music. When will grateful remembrance of her with the Russian Ballet, and were she favour us again?—[Photograph by Frants van Riel.]

THE HERITAGE OF LOOKS: A FAMOUS PIANIST AND HIS FAMILY.



- HAS HE HIS FATHER'S FACE? MASTER MICHAEL HAM-BOURG, SON OF MR. AND MRS. MARK HAMBOURG.
- 3. DAUGHTER OF LORD MUIR-MACKENZIE: THE HON. MRS. MARK HAMBOURG, WIFE OF THE PIANIST.

It is always interesting to trace the family likeness between children and their parents, and all the more so in the case of celebrities. An example of more than usual interest is presented in these portraits of the famous pianist, Mr. Mark Hambourg, his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Mark

- FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PORTRAITS OF HIS CHILDREN:
 MR. MARK HAMBOURG.
- 4. WHICH DO THEY FAVOUR? (LEFT TO RIGHT) MISS NADINE
 AND MISS SONIA HAMBOURG.

AND MISS SONIA HAMBOURG.

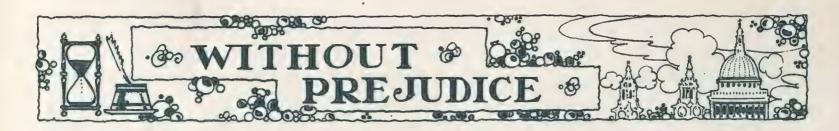
Hambourg, their two daughters and baby boy. Mr. Mark Hambourg, who is a native of South Russia and a naturalised Englishman married in

who is a native of South Russia and a naturalised Englishman, married, in 1907, Miss Dorothea Muir-Mackenzie, second daughter of Sir Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie, Bt., who was made a Baron of the United Kingdom in 1915.

SNAPPED IN AMERICA: DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.



The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have been travelling round | Eileen Gwladys Butler, eldest daughter of the seventh Earl of Lanes-America and Canada, and have visited Arizona, and descended the borough, in 1912. He served in the war in command of Naval units, Grand Canyon. The Duke, it will be remembered, married Lady and did very good work.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



'HE contrast between the entertainments in vogue in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries respectively was never more neatly pointed than in a short walk between the Shaftesbury Theatres. Half-way up Shaftesbury Avenue the

Twentieth (or, possibly, the Twenty-first) Century is in full blast behind the expansive smile of "Baby Bunting," whilst at the end of that eligible thoroughfare, "The Mikado" whispers from the towers of the Princes' Theatre the best enchantments of the Middle (or, very nearly middle) Ages.

The modern show lacks the complete incoherence of Revue. The entries of the principal characters are determined by some turn in the story, and are not completely inconsequent; but the libretto itself is the merest extravaganza, and the whole affair is held together by the charms of the ladies and the humours of the humourists. And the distinction between the new and the old fashion is that "The Mikado" would play itself if the company were recruited from the Cricklewood Choral Society, and Ko-ko was played by the local undertaker. It is a rare merit.

The real importance of "Baby Bunting" to most of us lies in the discovery of Mr. Catlett. So far as the relative value of their respective discoveries to the ordinary human being is concerned, the great twin brethren Grossmith and Laurillard have got Professor Einstein beat to a frazzle. It really doesn't matter to the man who is wondering

where to spend his Saturday evening whether space is straight or curly. But the emergence of a real new funny takes him

between wind and water. Up, Catlett! as they say in the Irish Republic.

His funniness is to be found in the fact that he is really funny. Some of his effect, no doubt, he owes to the lines, which are good; but one feels all along that the lines probably owe a great deal of their up - bringing — if not their actual parentage -to him. And he dances with genuinely incomparable humour. That wonderful prance with the imaginary nail in his boot-sole, those Massinish prances arrested suddenly by the horrible that lurch comes when the carpet responds to the nail are not easy to forget. His dancing is really

"SOMETHING THAT CAN BE BROUGHT INTO OUR DAILY LIFE AND SURROUNDINGS": "SUGGESTION FOR A BUILDING," BY EDWARD WADSWORTH; AT THE TWENTY-ONE GALLERY.

The little "specimen" Exhibition at the Twenty-One Gallery, Durham House Street, Adelphi, by the Arts League of Service, illustrates the League's first object: "To further all forms of Art as something that can be brought into our daily life and surroundings."

might with advantage

Theme of Chopin," or "Kash-kash Circassienne," all the delightful idiots who swallow anything if only it is both foreign and pretentious would be at his admirable feet. And there are many worse places to lay wreaths in this age of saltatory canonisation.

> "Baby Bunting" is held together by his legs and his horn spectacles, and his "Oh, Gosh." That is where one hits the contrast with the Arthur Gilbert and William S. Sullivan production, if one may lapse for a moment into the Griffiths-Lasky dialect. That evergreen Mikado will walk for ever, no matter whose legs may be inside the blackand-gold magnificence of his imperial robes. It plays, as one said just now, itself. The songs sing themselves, the jokes score themselves, and the whole thing works automatically, like a machine for making people beat time and laugh and keep happy for three hours.

Not that it is interpreted by ciphers. Far from it. Mr. Frederick Hobbs gets his real chance in the répertoire as the Emperor. He was really terrifying in his musical enumeration of the punishments which he had devised in the course of his Japanese Pussyfoot campaign; and his exasperation at the constant interventions of Katisha was an accurate expression of the detestation of elderly females which embitters nearly every Gilbert libretto. And Miss Lewis didn't deserve it a bit, because she was excellent.

Mr. Sheffield realised adequately the hauteur of Pooh-Bah. But perhaps he have been a shade more like that noble Lord, whose career, and outlook on his fortunate

fellow - creatures (O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam!) always seem to owe much to Sir William Gilbert's conception of the Lord High Everything Else in the Ko-Ko Administration. Perhaps, if his wife can get him to see the point, we shall see him in appropriate costume at the Covent Garden Ball.

Never - failing enthusiasm greets the entries of Mr. Lytton, who has earned his Metropolitan apotheosis by years of good service in the world outside. He can, of course, give Ko-Ko all the agility, the dishonesty, and the wit that Gilbert designed. But one prefers him in the more



FOR THE ARTISTIC "MOVIE" THEATRE: "EXTERIOR OF A CINEMA," BY F. DOBSON; AT THE TWENTY-ONE GALLERY.

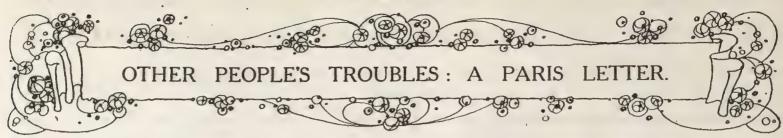
beautiful. If he took a Romanoff name, toned it down about two keys into solemnity, and called the dance "Dance-Poem on a intellectual part of the Lord Chancellor, or the purer comedy of the Duke of Plaza Toro

A QUARTET: CHARMING BRIDES-TO-BE.



The engagement of the Hon. Muriel French, second daughter of Marie Baroness de Freyne, and Mr. Alex Carmac Wilkinson, M.C., Coldstream Guards, only son of W. Carmac Wilkinson, M.D., F.R.C.P., has recently been announced.—Miss Joan Grenfell, who is engaged to Mr. Christopher Gurney, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Gurney, of Henlow Grange, Biggleswade, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Riversdale Grenfell, of Welwyn Hall, Herts.—Miss Dorothy Seymour is the daughter of the late General Lord William

Seymour, and of Lady William Seymour, of Thorns, Crondall, Hants. She is engaged to Brigadier-General H. C. Jackson, late Bedfordshire Regiment, eldest son of Professor Henry Jackson, O.M., Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Jackson, Sunnyhill, Bournemouth.—Miss Ethel Hague Cook, who will be married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Dec. 2, to Captain Brian Bibby, 1st Life Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bibby, Hardwicke Grange, Shrewsbury, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hague Cook.



HAT is more picturesque than Paris buried in snow? She seems to me like her own women—a coquettish creature smothered in expensive white furs. When I looked out of my window and saw the beautiful outlines of the buildings softened under an ermine mantle, the winding Seine like a scarf, the snowcapped Pantheon a dainty bonnet, I was almost inclined to forget that there was a queue waiting ankle-deep in the cold drifts for the precious charbon. You can sum up the situation by saying that you can make the most prodigious snow-man, but, alas! you can't spare two tiny bits of coal to give him eyes!

"But why, my dear lady," said my friend the doctor, greatly daring, "do you sacrifice your health to fashion? You are adorable in a gown which makes of you an animated flower; but tell me, please, how you manage to keep warm?" I am lost in admiration for the determination of the courageous sex to defy the seasons. It seems that to be becomingly svelte, it is necessary to discard all but the most

essential garments. It is true that the Parisienne is covered with piles of wraps; but there moments are when the wraps: are not available. and in any event you see girls tripping along with their legs almost bare, and with thinnest the Cobwebs shoes. and kid! I agree with the doctor, even though he has not an æsthetic soul, who has spoken out against the foolhardy frivolity of the Parisienne who prefers coquetry to comfort, and will risk death a score of times in a day in fulfilment of her duty of being attractive. She is truly attractive: neverhas shebeen seen to better advantage. But she is one of Cupid's heroines.



THE SECOND PEAL OF "JOY-BELLS": MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG, AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME. [Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

Surely even Cupid himself must modify his ideas about clothing when it freezes.

At the theatres the actresses are more generous of their charms than ever. There is, I observe, some outcry against the display of the human form divine, on grounds of morality. Perhaps hygienic grounds might also be considered. One shivers only to think of the draughts from the wings. (No, not the wings of Cupid: the stage wings.) Certainly matters are being carried rather too far: it is all part of this excessive desire for amusement which everybody feels after the long strain. But while Paris has the reputation of being free and frolicsome, of being just a trifle shocking, she has also a reputation for a certain taste, a certain delicacy even in her daring. Is it true, as alleged, that she has abandoned her delightful daintiness in the effort to be bold? There are, indeed, instances where the line is overstepped: that invisible line which separates sprightliness from coarseness, piquancy from vulgarity. But really there is no need for too much fuss; Pecksniff has his unctuous French counterpart who makes the most of any little lapses; and the offending revues are probably only exceptional—a passing phase which does not indicate an alteration of taste.

For one thing, the exceedingly cosmopolitan character of Paris is to blame. Why are there so many foreigners here? It would be hard to say, since prices are high, hotels expensive, many amenities of life difficult to find. I wandered, a few evenings ago, round the principal thoroughfares, which five years ago would have been a blaze of blinding light, gay, animated, thronged with pedestrians and alive with taxi-cabs; and I was struck with their lack of brilliancy, their quietude, their emptiness. The streets are dead and comparatively dark at night. Yet there are thousands and thousands of visitors from every country of the globe; and Paris is glittering enough in selected haunts. Perhaps she is more dazzling indoors because she is less lighted outdoors; and people seem to slip from place to place without lingering, without making the boulevards throb and thrill.

After all, we are still to have all sorts of difficulties put in our way if we want to go to and fro between France and England. Isn't



allowed - hardly enough to buy a whisky-and-soda! And even then, in France at any rate, it has become quite risky to take the train. There is a daily accident-most of them trivial, of course; but nevertheless it is disconcerting to be in a collision, or to run off the rails, or to come to a sudden standstill. It seems that the aeroplane is safer than the train; and when we learn of Poulet's progress by air to Australia, we wonder whether we shall manage to reach Bordeaux without a smash. The rolling-stock badly wants overhauling.

That will be for the new Parliament. Everybody is really agog. to know how it will begin. It has such a multiplicity of tasks. Some of them seem hopeless. But there are solutions to be found in every café. The café has regained its old place in the Paris universe as the popular forum. My word! How we discuss persons and problems! Just as we used to draw little maps on the marble tables to illustrate our theory of strategy, so do we now formulate our plans for the economic salvation of France. Social ills? We know the cure for them. Only, all our cures differ, and if the State takes all our nostrums, she will be in the sad case of a man who, suffering from a cold, accepts the advice of twenty different friends with twenty different recipes. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

it time passport troubles were done away with? It is amazing that they have lasted so long, when two friendly countries -more than friendly; it is a mariage d'amour, n'est-ce pas ?--are concerned. And yet one day we are told that the restrictions are removed; and the next day an unintelligible announcement appears to the effect that they are as necessary as ever. And still we are to state how much small change we have in our pocket, and how many banknotes we have concealed on our persons; and we are sternly told that too much pocket-money- is not good for us, and in any case will not be

THE TITLED TOY-MAKER: A SOCIETY CRAFTSWOMAN.



AN EARL'S DAUGHTER AND HER WORK: LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

any conceived before, and proves as attractive to a grown-up as to a coach—drawn by the most amusing creatures. You may see Lady child. The charm of her toys is that you can love them with the Margaret—if you have the seeing eye—on most mornings when she is eager enthusiasm of a child, and exhibit them with the pride of a collector of bibelots. Think of the little cottage you always dreamed about sheltered behind a hedge. Well, Lady Margaret has fashioned it, and a cow looks at you in friendly fashion over the hedge. And impishly. She is a daughter of the seventh Earl De La Warr.

Every one of the toys Lady Margaret Sackville makes is different from you remember King Cole—a jovial figure. Him you may see in his coach-drawn by the most amusing creatures. You may see: Lady in her Scottish home sitting for a while in her little studio cutting the bits of wood into shape, and colouring them. She looks like a



HESE are hard times for Dukes. His Grace of Portland is the last of the strawberry-leaf wearers to become a victim to circumstances. Economy is henceforth to be the key-

note of the management of affairs at Welbeck Abbey. The Duke has always been perfectly straightforward about his economical schemes. When he decided to banish potatoes-it was during the warfrom the ducal table, with a breadth of vision that other Dukes would do well to copy he let the world into his secret. Unkind critics accused him of what youth would describe as "showing off." It was of course, nothing of the kind. The Duke had the common-sense to see that there are still plenty of snobs in this democratic world, and acted on the knowledge. If you must " do without," it's pleasant-or at least a good many people seem to find it so-to "live like a lord."

The Reason Why. In regard to the cut-ting down of his Welbeck Abbey staff the Duke is equally frank. In plain English, "he can't afford it," and, like a sensible man, he is not going to try and attempt the impossible. There was, I remember, a month or two ago a rumour to the effect that the Duke intended to close Welbeck Abbey-the pièce de résistance, so to speak, in the Dukeries. That tragedy at least has been avoided, and it is comforting to have official assurance that a diminished staff will not adversely affect the general upkeep of the estate. By the way, isn't the Duchess of Portland the only woman in her position who has ever cooked a dinner for her husband? She is credited

with once having publicly acknowledged that she undertook the duty. History does not relate whether it was with a view to converting his

Grace to the vegetarian principles in which the Duchess is a firm believer.

Lady Rhondda will surely go down So Energetic. to posterity as the most energetic Peeress of her time. It's one thing to prattle of the



THE WIFE OF A DOUBLE D.S.O., M.P.: LADY EVELYN GUINNESS.

ady Evelyn Guinness is the wife of the Hon. Walter Guinness, M.P., D.S.O. (and Bar). She is the daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Buchan, and before her marriage, in 1903, was Lady Evelyn Stuart Erskine. Mr. Guinness and Lady Evelyn have two children, Bryan Walter and Murtogh.-[Photograph by Hoppe.]

need for good housing on public platforms in London, with a good car in the background to convey you to the meeting and back, and quite another to travel the country with the definite idea of awakening in women a sense of responsibility as to their duties as citizens. A *certain kudos attaches to the first; the second is useful, but not

wildly exciting.

It is, however, the part chosen by Lady Rhondda, for whom the winter promises to be an exceptionally busy one.

The Royal Designer.

I confess that Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll in the rôle of designer is new to me. There's no earthly reason why a Princess should not



IN THE ROCKIES: MRS. MIDDLETON O'MALLEY KEYES.

Mrs. Middleton O'Malley Keyes is the wife of Major Middleton O'Malley Keyes. She and her husband have been enjoying a trip round the world since his demobil-Our photograph shows Mrs. O'Malley Keyes ockies. She is now on her way home from in the Rockies. the East via Singapore.

A BRIDE OF THE

YEAR: MRS. MAX-

WELL W. B. WARD.

Mrs. Maxwell W. B.

Ward is the wife of Mr.
Maxwell William Bernard Ward, R.F.A.,
youngest son of the late

General the Hon. B. M. Ward, C.B. Before her

marriage, in August of this year, she was Miss

Ruth Elizabeth Whit-

tingdale.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

teresting to know whether the majority of the buyers regard their purchases in the light of works of art or merely as curiosities to be handed down to future generations.

design as well as any ordinary person—probably a great many of them do—but one never hears about it. But the secret came out at

A Good Speaker.

designed by the Princess, who is constantly

thinking out schemes of decoration for the

benefit of a charity that lies very near to

ever, does not monopolise the family talent. Her niece, Prin-

cess Marie Louise, is a good speaker. Not

so long ago the Royal Family, on the rare occasions on which they made a speech,

were not reported. This omission had, of

course, nothing to do with the quality of

the speech-it simply, in the majority of

cases, was against etiquette. But times

have changed, and the restriction has been removed. Princess Louise, besides being a good speaker, has a partiality for cigarettes,

though whether or no it's a recently ac-

The Passion for It. I wonder if the Royal Academy stalwarts are

at all perturbed at the present passion for

modern art. A few years ago pictures be-longing to the "advanced" school were a sure find for the writer of "funny" para-

graphs. But the Philistines seem to dwin-

dle in number every year, and lots of people

besides C. W. R. Nevinson bought pictures

from the Matisse show at the Leicester Galleries. The keen buying is, I suppose, evidence in support of Mr. Nevinson's

theory that there is no live interest in

modern art in Paris; but it would be in-

quired habit I can't say.

Princess Louise, how-

Waiting. tion is known.

-but then the other candidates are equally certain. For the sake of the House of Commons—not to make it a personal matter - I hope Lady Astor takes the place lately vacated by her husband. Think of what it may mean to the House. A possible alteration of rules is only one of the many matters that may have to be faced. Women journal-

ists-Sir Robert Horne's "recording angels" -are on the tiptoe of excitement. Hitherto they have been rigidly excluded except from the ordinary places assigned to women. After all, is there any reason why women shouldn't be in the Press Gallery, except the rather feeble one that they have never been there before?

There are still two or three days to go before the result of the Plymouth elec-



ENGAGED CAPTAIN THE BARLOW: HON. DOROTHY EMMOTT.

The Hon. Dorothy Emmott is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Emmott. Her engagement to Captain C. N. Barlow, late 60th Rifles, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barlow, of Torkington House, Acton, has just been announced.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

"The Sketch" Series by Fontan: No. XI.



THE TREASURE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LEO FONTAN.

(Original in the Possession of the Reschal Galleries, 21, Rue Joubert, Paris.)

IN BALLETS OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SPAIN



AS SEEN IN "THE THREE CORNERED HAT" AND IN

Mme. Karsavina has had so many triumphs—in fact, every new creation is a fresh one—that it is difficult to write about her without going into a long list of superlatives. She always looks adorable, whatever costume she wears, ce qui ne gâte rien. During the present season at the Empire

AND PRIMITIVE RUSSIA: A DANCING STAR.



"THE MIDNIGHT SUN": MME. THAMAR KARSAVINA.

she has appeared in "The Good-Humoured Ladies" for the first time, as well as in that very original ballet, "Parade," in which she is an ultra-modern American dancing girl. She is seen above in the costumes she wears in "The Three-Cornered Hat" and "The Midnight Sun."



NEW TO LONDON: "PARADE"; BY THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

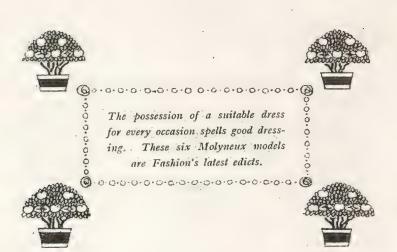


PORTRAITS OF THE FOUR MANAGERS - CUBIST AND CIRCUSSY: FIGURES FROM "PARADE."

"Parade," produced in London for the first time the other day, is | fashion. The Manager is seen on the left of our page. The American

far from being one of the best works of the Russian Ballet; but, of course, it has caused great interest. Its theme is the familiar circus parade, the outside-the-booth show designed to draw patrons into the performance proper. Two of the managers are represented in Cubist Massine is The Chinese Conjurer; and Karsavina, An American Girl.

A PERFECT "CARRY-ON" WARDROBE





FOR MORNING WEAR: A NAVY-BLUE TAILOR-MADE.





DRESSED FOR "LE FIV O'CLOCK": IN A SLIM BLACK SATIN.



WORN WITH A LEATHER COAT: THE NEW PLEATED SKIRT.

"How many dresses does a woman want?" is a question which Man petulantly asks at times. This page may serve to answer the query, for it shows a bare "carry-on" wardrobe for the moment, since the six models pictured in our photographs are dresses suitable for wear on six occasions, and show a few of Fashion's laws as expounded by Molyneux. The two tailor-mades illustrate the new line. The model with a pleated skirt is provided with a leather coat which makes it an ideal costume for the country; while the navy-blue gabardine coat-and-skirt, opening on a white satin

GOWNS FOR THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN.



BLACK SEQUINS AND NET: A BEAUTIFUL MODEL.



BLACK VELVET AND ERMINE: A LOVELY WRAP.





THE LURE OF WHITE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE: A TEA-GOWN.



waistcoat, shows Madame ready for her morning walk, and a lunch engagement. The afternoon frock of black satin outlined with jet would be suitable for the bridge party or musical at-home; while the graceful shimmering evening gown is a full-dress affair. Black velvet and ermine conspire together to make a glorious evening cloak; and for evenings en petit comité, what could be more ravishing than the white crêpe-de-Chine vision of elegance which is called a tea-gown?—[Dresses by Molyneux, Rue Royale, Paris; Photographs by Wyndham.]



ICTORY-SPHERICALLY speaking (if one may coin a new adverb in honour of the Bal de Triomphe enthusiastically encored into a second season the other evening), it was all very sufficiently bright and gay at the old Albertinum about eleven (p.m.) on Eleven, Eleven, Nineteen, wasn't it? The noctivagous aborigines of the Kensington forests—which extend from where people give up pretending that they live in Knightsbridge to the point at which they shamelessly confess to an address in Hammersmith—were startled by the spectacle of several dozen odalisques cavaliered by about three gross of Willy Clarkson's best bull-fighters proceeding on foot to the tribal gathering; whilst the policeman at the corner of Exhibition Road got positively hardened to the sight of heavily armed movie Mexicans, obviously eloping nuns, and young ladies wearing (in defiance of 112 Vic. cap. 227) something in the nature of gent.'s trouserings, as they sat behind their proudly prancing petrol and negotiated the Kensington Road en route for the Gay Scene.

They shambled up, alighted, stopped, and got out respectively in the neighbourhood of a swing-door guarded by fierce sleuths,

After, is it, and were they? One is always, frankly, a trifle disappointed by the lack of enterprise displayed by the population of London about its fancy costumes. They seem all to have walked, without taking an instant's private thought, or exercising a pennyweight of individual ingenuity, into a theatrical costumier's and taken part in the following unheroic dialogue. *Customer: "Oh, I say, I want a man's costume for a dance thing." *Assistant (brightly): Yes, Sir, Toreador, Arab Chieftain, or Queen Elizabeth?" *Customer (gloomily): "Oh, I don't mind; send 'em along to Athabasca Mansions, will you?" And in the case of females, the variations are played on the themes of Carmen, nasty little she-Apaches in black satin trousers, ladies of frankly operatic seraglios, and the cast-off costumes of the chorus in the last musical comedy but two. It is an uninspiring diet.

Apart from the solemn farce of wheeling London's Only Invalid round the floor in her pantechnicon (which is becoming a serious factor in the traffic problem), there was not much incident, except when a member of the junior Bar was narrowly restrained from



VALUED AT 900,000 FRANCS: "L'ATELIER," BY GUSTAVE COURBET.

As recently as 1899, Courbet's "L'Atelier" sold for 60,000 francs; now 900,000 francs are asked for it, and it seems doubtful whether, at that price, it will find its way, as is desirable, into the French National Collection. The picture was painted for the International Exhibition of 1855, but it was rejected. The painter intended that it should illustrate the history

"morale et physique" of his studio, and that in the foreground should be the "Baigneuses" and the "Retour de la Foire." Later, the general composition was changed. Its final form is indicated by its full title: "L'atelier du peintre; allégorie réelle determinant une phase de sept années de ma vie artistique."—[Photograph by Vizzavona.]

through which the booted, mufflered, and overcoated Peri were admitted into the illuminated precincts of a three-guinea Paradise. Bravely they faced the icy draughts of the dressing-rooms and got through scenes of touching farewell with their well-loved overcoats (do you know anything more depressing, less inspiring of confidence, than receiving a ticket numbered 7649 H. for a cape that you hope to meet again?), and still more bravely they forged gradually along until they—and the people in front of them, as well as the people behind them—came to the arena of the modern Colosseum, where large numbers of young persons were walking slowly round and round like the traffic at Piccadilly Circus under the fond illusion that they were doing something in the nature of a dance. And it was all in the interests of (was it?) the Infants' Institute.

The social chronicler invariably gives way on these occasions to a mildly distressing flux of purely adjectival ecstasy. For him all scenes are gay, all costumes are brilliant. But, asking oneself the question in the secluded darkness and silence of one's inner consciousness by the cold and disillusioned glimmer of the Morning drawing his gun upon a light-hearted Latin-American for singing Andalusian nothingnesses at his good lady attired in Gitana shawlings as advertised at the Grafton Gallery. But it all looked—from the top gallery—as Gay and Brilliant as you please: and that must have been where the reporters (poor dears!) all saw it from.

Steps have got to be Taken about the Sunday cavalcaders. A white shirt with the collar as wide open as a Deauville athlete's, a vista of white *fronton*, as the architects say, merging into white buckskin breeches flung boldly astride the sauciest thing in the Wandsworth livery stables, are well enough for a male polo champion dominating Ranelagh. But for a lady? And on Sunday? We wonder.

And horrible thoughts are conjured up by the mention in November of the name of Ranelagh. The pleasant memory of May afternoons and July evenings is effectively effaced by a glance at the cowering, if select, crowd round the fireplace in the front hall. There are times for every place—and the time for that place is emphatically not the present.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE-WITH WIVES: "THE KISS CALL."











I. MR. STANLEY LUPINO.

2. MR. G. P. HUNTLEY TURNS MEDICO.

3. MR. STANLEY LUPINO.

4. MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AS EDGAR THE FEARLESS.

5. BEAUTEOUS LADIES IN BEAUTIFUL GOWNS.

6. MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AS DR. DEARE (TEMP.).

7. THE HULUBOO DANCE.

"The Kiss Call," at the Gaiety, concerns the amorous intrigues of two | him to pass as Dr. Deare, and he is called in to attend the real medicos and their wives, who, discovering their husbands' escapades, decide to repay them in their own coin. One of them, Mrs. Deare, Huntley is the pseudo Dr. Deare, and Mr. Stanley Lupino, is Dr. Pym. selects a lover at random through the telephone. He arrives attired for a fancy-dress ball as Edgar the Fearless. Circumstances compel

THE SATIRES

SAY next Thursday at one-thirty," suggested Cyni-cuss, "unless it is your

"???" I queried, looking across the tea-table.

" Hasn't every modern woman a Beauty Day?" he insisted.

"Do you mean a day in which she is particularly 'at her advantage,' as we say in French?

"No," he said. "The day wholly devoted to making her-

self beautiful—the day in which, on conquest bent, she surrenders herself to the small army of those clever 'specialists' who repair Time's damages."

"So far, I 've done my own repairing," I answered, rather piqued. "Ah, but there are some beautifying stunts which no woman-



the hope of seeing her for a few moments before lunch."

not even vou-can achieve by herself!"

"Some people are unable to file their right - hand nails," I said with contempt; " and others are so stiff they can't bend down low enough to tint their toes; but you should see

me doing it——"
" I'd love to!" he interrupted, with gallant levity.
"But, however sup-

you could practise dorsiculture on yourself!"
"What's that?" I asked "" "What's that?" I asked. "Sounds dreadfully scientific!" Back-beauty," explained Cynicuss.

"It certainly would be an acrobatic feat," I said. "What does 'dorsiculture' consist of exactly?'

' It is an act of faith, a punishment for your sins, and a test of patience," answered Cynicuss cryptically.

"But what do they actually do to you behind your back?" I asked, with some anxiety.

"The process starts with steaming, then sponging with a certain lotion-each dorsiculture doctor keeps carefully his or her own recipe for the concoction, of course; then there is massage—slapping, pinching, kneading, rubbing, spraying, one or two coats of another mysterious liquid, then drying, and finally powdering. That's all! You are then ready to dress for the dance—or rather, undress, to be accurate. This simple process only applies to amenable and normal backs. 'Finny' backs and 'angel wings' backs require more drastic treatment, but we are not concerned with these."

I stared at Cynicuss with undisguised awe and admiration. "How do you manage to be so well informed?" I asked.

"Well—er," he parried, "I read a lot, don't you know— 'Mrs. Beeton's Household Management, 'Cosy-Corner Tea-Talk,'

'Giggles with the Girls,' and all that-

" Cynicuss," I said severely, "that won't do! How do you come to know all this? Now, between pals and paragraphers, do tell me?"

"Well," he vielded, know that once upon a bad time I was engaged to Rose Budd, of the Londoneum.

st in the



NINON WAS A CLEVER GIRL.

BY MARTHE TROLY CURTIN.

(Author of " Phrynette and London" and " Phrynetts Married.")

The engagement lasted three months, which is something these days! I was violently in love, of course."

"Of course," I echoed.

"But she was a very much engaged girl."

'To whom else besides you?"

He ignored the impertinence. "A show every night, and three matinées a week-the only privacy we had was at suppertables! So I used to haunt her door-step at dawn-or at least at 11.30 every morning—in the

hope of seeing her for a few moments before lunch; but I was counting without the Professors."

Professors?'

"Yes; Beauty Doctors. Rose Budd used to hold a sort of levée in her sanctum of saffron silk. There was always between us some sort of a 'specialist' desecrating that sentimental solitude which-

' Pray proceed," I urged unsympathetically.

"One day it would be the hairdresser, with hot irons and camomile shampoos," he went on. "How I hated that hairdresser! He was so gay, he seemed so much at his ease. He was always babbling about 'tango-curls' and 'partings.' 'Will you have a parting to-day, Miss?' he would ask—
"He was a prophet," I said cruelly.

But Cynicuss never winced.

"There she was in an arm-chair, like a throne, and that little bounder was buzzing around her, while we sat on distant stools—"

" We?"

"There was another Guardsman or two, a Press agent, a photographer, a banker, her manager, a composer—you see, that was the only time she had to receive people - and, while we sat in a humble circle, the little hairdresser would hop about treading on our toes, brandishing his tongs, and-

'Wagging his tongue!"

"One day, when I was craving for her smiles, Rose would have her face massaged to ward off wrinkles."

"We say 'wrinkles are the graves of love," I reflected aloud; "and one woman who knew-Ninon



"Babbling about 'tango curls' and 'partings.'"

de l'Enclos-used to say, 'Had I created the world, I would have placed wrinkles on the heel and not on the brow.' So great is the importance of a smooth face to us women and those who love us that an eminent French scientist, Dr. Julien Bourguet, is actually able to give us-

" A wrinkle-

"An anti-wrinkle remedy."

"The next day it would be the turn of the manicurist. I could not even hold her hand! One morning, though I don't know how it happened, but I was ushered into the Presence, and—there was no one there, except her maid."

"Lucky dog!"

"I rushed up to her."

"To the maid?"

"And was about to kiss her when I drew back horrified. Rose was lying on a couch, her head flat and motionless on a pillow, and her cheeks were raw! At least, on each cheek was a raw beefsteak! It seems it is priceless for the complexion; but it took myer-appetite away, somehow!"



A SOCIAL EVENT: THE PEEL-BUCHANAN-JARDINE MARRIAGE.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: MR. OWEN PEEL, M.C., AND MRS. PEEL (MISS. VIOLET BUCHANAN-JARDINE).

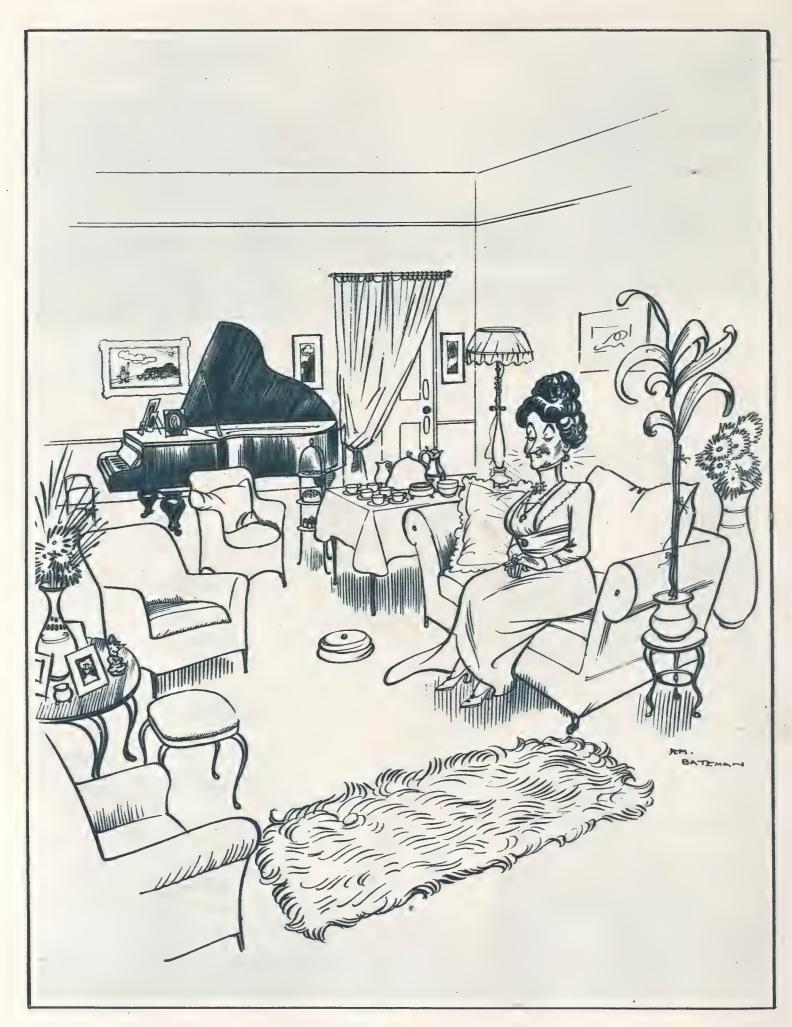


IN AZALEA-YELLOW AND GOLD: BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES.

The marriage of Miss Violet Buchanan Jardine, only daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Buchanan Jardine, of Castle Milk, Lockerbie, and Mr. Owen Peel, M.C., 5th Dragoon Guards, only son of Major and Mrs. Peel, of Bryn-y-Pys, Ellesmere, Salop, which took place at St. James's, Piccadilly, was an important Society wedding. The bride comes of one of the most famous old Border families, and the bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Peel, owner of Poethlyn. The ceremony was

performed by the Bishop of Bangor and Prebendary Cronshaw. The bridesmaids were Miss Vera Piercy, Miss Marda Bell-Irving, Miss Kitty Hussey, Miss Helen Fitzhugh, Lady Mary Egerton, the Hon. Ivy Spencer, Miss Sylvia Portman, and Miss Cecil Adam; and the train-bearers, Master Ivor and Miss Sylvia Maitland, and the Hon. Mansel and Lady Joan Villiers. The bride's dress was of ivory charmeuse, with a train of cloth-of-silver and Brussels lace.

SUBURBIA: SEEN BY H. M. BATEMAN.- No. XIV.



"AT HOME."



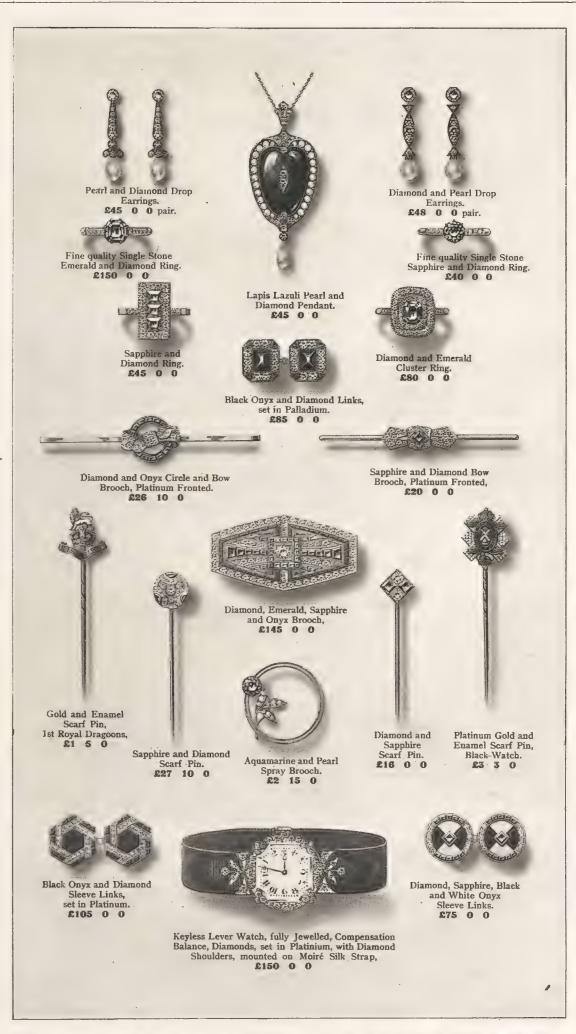
JEWELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

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AT THE
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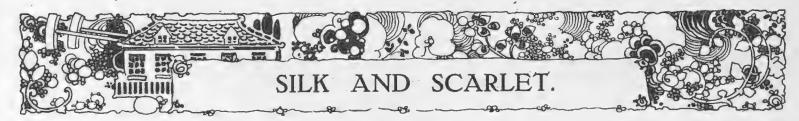
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UITE apropos of nothing, we do get a lot of fun one way and another out of what has been called "the sport of kings." A certain great authority on horsemanship, as we know, said that a young man would rather have "a h'imputation on his wirtue than on his 'ossmanship," and that is equally true of jockeys as it is of ingenui vullus puer essaying to pursue the fox. I do not suppose there have been more rows and ructions over any given pursuit—not excepting tea-drinking—than there have been over the Turf. A jockey's reputation is far more delicate than any that has ever been assailed over a cup of "comfortable Bohea," and that is why one has to be so careful when one touches upon the subject in print.

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Jockeys are of two kinds, so far as my reading and experience carry me—re-incarnations of Chifney and Archer, or the greatest thieves and scoundrels and the biggest duffers unhanged. I have rarely met any intermediate kind. When they win they are the former; when they lose, it's "What are the Stewards doing? And why don't they wipe him out?" However, it's all in the great game; and it adds zest to it somehow.

I know that it is a chestnut, but I have always thought that the story of a certain far-famed steeplechase gentleman-rider who shall be nameless (because, for aught that I know to the contrary, he may still have some relations left who would be down upon one like a hundred of bricks if one mentioned his name) rather sizes things up where public horsemanship of the race-riding order is concerned. This great celebrity had just managed to get beaten on a very hot favourite, and, as he was putting on his coat after leaving the weighing-room, an enormous miner came up to him and said, "Can ee foight, Mister?" Our friend looked at the interrogator for a moment, then he said, "No, I can't; but I can run like Hades!"

And, as we are in the thick of the jumping so far as the frost has permitted us, I wonder whether this other little story of the same celebrity is new to you or not. The scene was a little steeplechase meeting somewhere in the West, and in one of the races, the Farmers' and Tradesmen's Plate, in which our friend had a mount, there were only three runners, the horse the crack was riding being a hot



THE RETURN OF THE MASTER: LORD STALBRIDGE WITH THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTS HUNT.

Lord Stalbridge is now back as M.F.H. of the South and West Wilts Hunt. During the war the hunt was carried on by Lady Stalbridge.—[Photograph by C.N.]

favourite, even though it was an indifferent performer. One of the others belonged to a sporting farmer, who put one of his own lads up to ride, and who knew that it had the legs of the horse that the great amateur was riding, though he equally well knew that his yokel of a jockey was no match for the crack. So just before the race, when he was giving his final instructions to the lad in the dressing-tent, he said, "Now, look ee, don't ee try to go in front o' Mister Blank! Follow 'im and do what 'e do, and after last fence coom away and win." Unfortunately for the farmer, the wicked Mr. Blank overheard this conversation, and so he went straightway and backed the third runner, for reasons which will soon be apparent.

The course crossed a country road during its meanderings over the surrounding landscape. When the flag fell, Mr. Blank let the third one show the way, he himself lying second, with the farmer's horse a close third. The leader jumped into the road and out again in faultless fashion; but, as soon as Mr. Blank landed, he pulled up and, turning his horse, proceeded to trot down the road.

The farmer's lad, mindful of his instructions and suspecting some deep plot, did the same. Eventually the pair arrived at a little public-house which was hard by, and Mr. Blank hailed the pot-boy and ordered a glass of beer. The farmer's lad arriving at the same moment, Mr. Blank turned to him and said, "Would ye like a pot



WITH THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE FOXHOUNDS AT THAME: SIR FREDERICK FITZWYGRAM.

Our photograph was taken on a wet day with the South Oxfordshire, and shows Sir Frederick FitzWygram (right) and Mr. Haggie (left). Sir Frederick is the fifth Baronet, and a Captain in the Scots Guards.

Photograph by S. and G.

o' beer, my lad?" The boy assented readily. When they had finished and Mr. Blank had paid the score, he turned and said, "Now let's go and finish the race." So off the pair went to the point at which they had jumped into the road, and continued the contest.

The farmer's lad stuck close to the eminent gentle-man-rider till after they had jumped the last fence; then he out with his whip and, hitting his horse wherever he could see him, sailed away to the front and beat him home! The farmer rushed up to the lad as he came back to the paddock, and said things which I cannot write down, and would not listen to any explanation as to how carefully the lad had carried out his orders, because the third competitor had been in a good quarter-of-an-hour before. The story has to do with the bad old days, I need scarcely say, when steeplechasing first earned its title of "illegitimate"—but it is perfectly true, none the less.

The accidents to Tich Mason and Mr. Jack Anthony, in which the former broke a thigh and the latter a collarbone, are most unfortunate at a time when the numbers of the real top-sawyers across country is so strictly limited. The first poor victim will be kept out of the saddle, I fear, for the remainder of the season; but the latter will, I hope, be riding again in a month or six weeks, and at any rate be rid of his troubles by the time Aintree comes round, for I regard him as the best man over that particular course that we have today, Ernie Piggott and Ivor Anthony hardly excepted. As a rule, although falls over Aintree are numerous,

there is not a great deal of damage done; but on this occasion there must have been a good deal of "bone" in the ground, even though the frost had not then descended upon us. We had had a very dry series of weeks before Liverpool, and no rain worth talking about, so that when the ground got up and hit you it was bound to be somewhat of a jar.

In India, where I and a good many other people who are still left in the land of the living used to ride and tempt Fate and the undertaker, a fall in a chase usually meant that you remembered it; and I call to mind one meeting in particular at the old Tollygunge



Tortoiseshell Toilet Service inlaid Solid Gold.

THE illustration depicts a beautiful Tortoiseshell Toilet Service, inlaid solid Gold; representative of the Company's stocks. Full particulars, prices, and illustrated Christmas Catalogue will be sent post free. Selections will be sent for approval at the Company's risk and expense.

2



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CONCERNING A BARGAIN IN AIRSHIPS.

By C. G. GREY. Editor of " The Aeroplane."

THERE seems to have been a good deal of excitement in some directions about the sale of our latest rigid airship, R 38, to the United States Air Service; and, as usual, the Government has been blamed for selling what seems to be considered as the most valuable unit of our lighter-than-air fleet. Judging by

the criticisms, one would imagine that the Government had imperilled the future of the Empire by thus impoverishing the airship branch of the Royal Air Force. There are others, however, who believe that the Government, or the Air Ministry, or the Disposal Board — whichever is directly responsible for the sale — has done a very wise thing by selling the ship, though the ultimate result of that wisdom will depend largely on how the money received for the ship is spent. The argument in favour of the sale is quite interesting.

Evolution in Machines and Man.

Mechanisms, like animals, improve by stages, each generation being better than the preceding

generation. Perhaps one would be wiser to exclude human beings from this scheme of improvement, seeing that the events of the last few years seem to demonstrate that there has been no improvement in human nature for some thousands of years—if one may believe all writers from Confucius to Marcus

Aurelius. But that is probably due to lack of control in producing each successive generation. In the cases of horses, cattle, dogs, and so forth, where reproduction has been properly controlled, each generation is an improvement on the one before, and the faults of

the previous generation are eliminated. In exactly the same way, each generation of motor-cars is an improvement on the one before. Parts which go wrong in one type are altered in the next type. Sometimes mistakes are made by designers, and, in improving a defective part, a part which was previously satisfactory is disimsatisfactory proved. Consequently, the process of evolution towards the perfect machine is delayed year by year through mistakes made in the process of improving the type. For example, it is something like thirty years since Gottfried Daimler put his first motor-car on the road, and we are still without the perfect car which never breaks down.

Generations of Aircraft.

Just in the same way, aircraft improve slowly, generation by generation. But it is important to remem-

ber that they improve by the generation and not by the year. There may be several generations of one type of aeroplane in a year, wereas there may be only one generation of a type of airship in two years or more. The difference is very much like that between breeding rabbits and breeding elephants. Naturally, the rabbits would improve in



IN CASE OF FIRE ON MAIL-CARRYING AEROPLANES IN AMERICA: AN ASBESTOS LETTER-BAG—WITH-STANDING ORDEAL BY FIRE.—[Photograph by Topical.]

a shorter-time than the elephants. Thus, in the course of the past five years, aeroplanes have improved quite noticeably, for the makers have been producing type after type, each as a rule better than the one before, in spite of the delays and hindrances caused from time to time by interfering officials. Fittings have been

improved so that the whole machine is lighter for its strength, or stronger for its weight. Shapes of wings and bodies have been improved, so that the machines give greater lift and speed for the same power. And so on throughout the machine. The result is that the aeroplane is fairly far advanced in the process of evolution, though still very many years from its final form.

Behind the Germans in

The airship, on the other hand, although the first airship navigated the air long before

Airship-Building. the first airship navigated the air long before the first aeroplane did so, has not developed through many generations. Such development as has taken place in rigid airships is almost entirely due to Germany. We in this country were far behind the Germans until we produced the R 33 and R 34 class. These ships were roughly the equivalent of the Zeppelins of 1916. This is proved by the fact that in November 1917 a Zeppelin made a longer nonstop voyage (Bulgaria to Khartoum and back) than was made by R 34 across the

Atlantic in the summer of 1919, and at a better average speed. Which looks as if we were still two years—which means a generation or two—behind the Germans in 1918, when R 34 was designed and built. Since then we have had a year of so-called

peace. During that year Germany has ceased to build airships-of-war, and the only output of the Zeppelin factories has been the two *Bodensee* passenger - ships, which are only modified warships.

The Sale But in the same to the U.S.A. time our a irship

designers and constructors have been enabled to see and study all German work in progress when hostilities ceased, and have, in addition, had the benefit of the experience gained in R 33 and R 34. The results of that combined knowledge are united in R 38, now sold to the States. From this America will gain experience which will enable her to produce, in turn, a new and improved type. Though we are selling the ship at the cost of labour and materials, we retain all the knowledge gained in building her. consequently, when we receive the money for



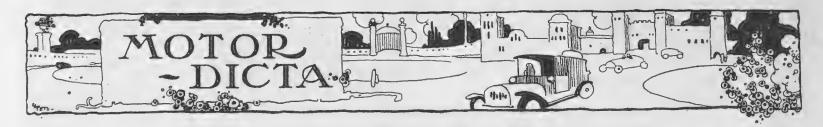
THE ASBESTOS LETTER-BAG; OR, CONTAINER: PUTTING IT INTO THE AEROPLANE BEFORE PLACING THE ORDINARY SMALL MAIL-BAGS IN IT.

Mails carried by aeroplanes having been destroyed on several occasions as a sequel to machines crashing, the United States postal authorities have experimented with and adopted an asbestos container to hold the ordinary mail-bags. The container shown in one of the photographs withstood fire for twenty minutes. Each of the containers will hold eight mail-bags of 40 lb, weight—practically the carrying capacity of the aeroplanes used for the service. Each is in one piece, fastened together with copper rivets.—[Photograph by Topical.]

the ship from the States, we can then set to work, and, for the same outlay on labour and material, build a new ship, embodying that knowledge, thus producing another generation in the process of evolution. So that it seems a very good bargain all round.







GEDDES AND THE GORDIAN KNOT-BEANS AND HAS-BEENS. BY GERALD BISS.

NE cannot but suffer a reaction of "show sickness" after Olympia and a congestion of the automobile cells of the brain; and all is confusion worse confounded as to the intimate details of auto "innards," which early in the Show were so familiar. Moreover, one takes a constricted point of

view at Olympia, as the men in the trenches did of the war, and one's nose is too near the wall to focus in proper perspective; while in the papers themselves space is reserved, though in generous quantity, for Olympia et præterca nihil. Hence in The Sketch, glad to break new ground as I am, I have been prevented by printers and paper-manufacturers from referring to the splendid confession of faith on the part of "Little Eric" Geddes, who spake out right boldly at the preliminary banquet of the "S.M.M.T." in no uncertain voice, assuring his audience that he was the reverse of motorphobic, and had just been trapped on three consecutive Sundays, which record he defied any of the early pioneers and auto-k'nuts to better or beat. We have done, quoth the gallant Geddes, with the day of the "red-flagand-man-in-front-of-the-car," and from the framer of the impending Motor Car Bill it hath a reassuring ring. Moreover, he paid the internal-combustion engine high compliment for its part in

winning the war, quoting alike aeroplane, automobile, tank, and transport. Methinks, withal, that I am beginning to like this Young Minister of State, and have hopes of justice on the road at last. Why did he not make his confession of faith before the Transport Bill was pushed through the then subservient House, and save much heart-burning? A stale with a gush of memories from the past, to see one dear old "growler," so different from the petulant taxiarch, give the old salute of the whip to the "Old Times" coach, and Mr. Frank Ward at the wheel—I mean, on the box—returning it in fine style. Of course, it was a bit of an anachronism to



FOR THE SPEEDY CLEARING OF ROADS: A NEW SNOW-PLOUGH, DRAWN BY A MOTOR-TRACTOR, TESTED IN FRANCE,-[Photograph by Topical.]

revert to hair-trunks of one h.-p. (if that!), but a splendid team, black and highly polished, with underslung legs instead of overhead valves, and coach-horn supplanting Klaxon, yet withal the dear old chassis lacking cantilever suspension. Hats off to many happy memories; but Mr. Gray might object if I wrote too much about coaching!



THE BREWER'S DRAY, NEW STYLE: DELIVERING BEER, FRESH FROM THE TANK, INTO THE CELLAR OF A LONDON PUBLIC-HOUSE BY MEANS OF A PIPE.-[Photograph by L.N.A.]

subject maybe, but one not sufficiently ventilated owing to the high pressure of the new Olympiad.

One jolly high noon I reverted to species and A Reversion to tooled down the road past the Park, not to Species. a meet of the Four-in-Hand or the Coaching Club, but to Olympia; and all the cars laughed to see such fine fun; but, thank the great God of Horses, they had the good manners to give place aux chevaux; and it all but brought tears to my eyes,

"Auto-Combies." Which all leads up to the fact that there is a lot behind that coach. In the nosebags of the gee-gees there were not only oats as equine essence, but millions of beans as well. We started from the new Road Club-which, incidentally, I have joined: the old Coventry Street house with the best part of £40,000 spent upon it so far to do it up in the very best of taste; and behind the Road Club is the same syndicate which has made the Motor Union Insurance such a huge success, and this spring floated the British Motor Trading Corporation for a couple of odd million. And still they grow, expand and embrace with a view to the biggest thing yet in British motor mass-production! We landed down at the B.M.T.C. country club (for the week only) just outside Olympia and met the "Beans" in their billions, consuming light refreshments of the pre-war order and dealing in futures. Great was the gossip at Olympia; but none such as anent the "Great Bean Trust," or how many Beans make £6,000,000. Apparently it has come to stay and stayed to scoop—all in and run as well—the Harper three-ply works, whence emanates the original Bean, and behind it Jack and a lot of Generals who are making those Beans talk, especially one Whitcomb and the B.M.T.C. un-Ltd., together with the Swift of Coventry (original home of Robert Burns the automobilist), the Vulcan (of Southport), and hors d'œuvres swallowed whole such as manufacturers of radiators, lamps, component parts and coachwork-in all a six million (pounds, not

dollars) proposition for mass production—possibly with more to come. It is in good hands, and, so far as I can see, it is the only way to buffet Yankee courtship of our market-with direct action. It has a great deal to be said for it in such hands, and marks a dividing line between the "Beans" and the "Has-Beens" in British manufacture. Action must be met by action-not by reaction and inelasticity. Despite prevailing rumours, the Angus-Sanderson is neither a "Bean" nor a "Has-Been," but has a future in "rus" apparently unlimited all on its own.





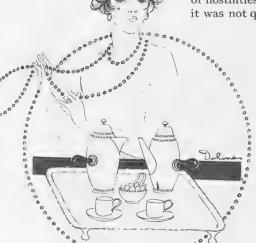
"Shop early" is the advice every shopkeeper Making is giving possible clients this year. Preparations. with transport difficulties, industrial trouble,

high prices, and all the other disagreeable things that happen after a great war has ended, it's only the early comers who will get the

pick of what's going. And most people, I fancy, mean to make a special effort this Christmas, if only because of the blessed relief that comes from feeling that there's not only a cessation of hostilities, but real peace. Last year it was not quite the same thing. There

was always just the chance of the Boche raising his ugly head again. But this year, even that possibility doesn't exist; so here 's for good advice and guidance for the Christmas shopper.

This, of Good Advice. course, won't suit the person who has no definite ideas as to what he or she wants. Undoubtedly it's a good thing to have some plan of campaign. It's imperative, in fact, if you don't want to ruin your chance of the fortune you expect from a maiden aunt or strait-laced god-It's always more convenient



A silver coffee set of delightful simplicity hails from Debenham and Freebody.

mother, by sending the wrong thing. to stay as much as possible

under one and the same roof; and for that reason, as well as many others, far-seeing shoppers will decide on a visit to Debenham and Freebody in Wigmore Street, for the opening of their shopping carnival. Now that one can indulge one's fancy without feeling the pangs of a guilty conscience, a coffee service that is a reproduction of old Sheffield plate suggests itself as something that 's always certain of a welcome; and if one cloes happen to own a motor, the one thing needed to bring it up to date is a morocco fitting which, if the

car-owner is a woman, is fitted with an eight-day clock, guaranteed as a time-keeper, a pocket for trifles, and a mirror. In the case of the masculine version, a match-box and ash-tray replace the more feminine kind of fittings. They cost £8 10s. An egg-cooker in which poaching and boiling can be carried on simultaneously demands inspection at least, and (now that methylated spirit is comparatively easy to get, and the cooker uses very little) is really a valuable aid-to gas and coal

economy.

Don't run Frivolous, Too. away with the notion that frivolity has no place in the Christmas gift section at Debenham's. Let me tell you of beautiful necklaces in amber and cornelian and jade, of a diamond ring in pavé

setting with a diamond in the centre, of watch bracelets, with links in white and yellow gold, and attractive brooches, notably one with a platinum bar and a specially fine zircon in the centre. As for other things, go and see for yourself.

"This is going to be a dreadfully expensive Yes, You Can. Christmas, sighs the woman with moderate means, and proceeds to worry herself about-just nothing. For,

after all, when you can get the prettiest black-andwhite candle-shades for a shilling each, and handpainted ones for very little more, by simply going for them to Marshall and Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street, there's neither sense nor reason in brooding over imaginary troubles. "Something for the house" is always acceptable to its mistress, more especially if that something should happen to take the form of one of the long, flat floorcushions that are replacing the "dumpties" of yesteryear. One embroidered with a peacock in natural colourings on a white background has blue sides, and comes straight from the East. More conventional downfilled examples in gold-and-



Ropes of wonderful Ciro pearls, the weight and lustre of which would deceive the greatest experts.

coral brocade, with gold-bound sides, are to be had at 59s. 6d.; and there are stools with black-and-gold lacquer legs and spring seats

The Story They Tell.

There is a story told in India of a noble lady who lost her pearls. She had so many she scarcely noticed it.

But the police were quicker, and finally she discovered and admitted the loss. But (and this is the curious part of the story) both the police and even the dealers were staggered when the lady calmly admitted that the jewels were not real pearls—she had, in fact, left the family heirlooms at home. Now I've got to admit that it was not definitely stated that the pearls were Ciro pearls, but they might quite well have been. For the lovely necklets and brooches, rings and strings of Circ pearls that come from 39, Old Bond Street, W., claim to be absolutely faithful reproductions of genuine pearls, of the kind, indeed, to deceive the very elect. Maybe you and I could not indulge in strings of pearls in which each separate "gem" was the size of a small hazel nut without being suspected of wearing something that was not the genuine article. Such a privilege is

reserved for the duchesses and countesses and millionairesses of this wicked world. But it's open to anyone to have a necklet that looks genuine in every respect at the cost of a guinea, and attractive

earrings at the same figure.

A good appearance has Securing so much to do with Happiness. making a woman happy that it's sheer common-sense to take every opportunity of ensuring it that comes along. When the opportunity can be seized without indulgence in extravagance, it is nothing less than folly to neglect it. Ciro pearls help to make a woman look nice, and most emphatically they are not expensive-the moral is obvious. [Continued overleaf.



Very Egyptian in design is this beautiful coloured lamp from Marshall and Snelgrove, and the gold-and-black stool is Eastern in character as well.

The 12-h.p. Albert—a Triumph of British Mass-Production

OLYMPIA'S considered verdict upon the new 12-h.p. Albert places it in the front rank of the year's successes. Every detail of its design and construction bears the stamp of sound engineering.

For beauty and comfort the Albert outrivals many costlier cars. Its mechanical efficiency ensures the added comfort of care-free travelling. By means of scientific mass-production a great annual output has been provided for. The same highly organised methods account for the reasonable price at which this great new car is obtainable. Thus the Albert commends itself to the motoring public—the Doctor, the Lady Motorist, and the owner of a high-powered automobile who seeks a useful "second."

The Service which goes with every Albert Car is of the utmost value to the owner, being more to him than a guarantee. The guiding principle of the Albert Service is that a car is not sold without assuring to its owner a continuous maximum of efficiency. To this end a chain of service depôts, manned by specially trained engineers, is being established, whose function will be to advise Albert owners as to running and repairs, and whose care and interest in the Albert will be maintained throughout its life.

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dant in diamonds

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demand, and of

these there is

wonderful choice.

Some of those in

and

diamonds

and a drawer, and

is beautifully made

and finished. The price is £14 10s.,

and it is just the

thing to keep knit-

ting and large pieces

of work tidy, while

being very pleasing

is a wonderful collec-

tion of fans: one in

tortoiseshell mounts

with black ostrich feather, the sticks exquisitely carved in

birds and flowers,

is a work of art;

while many others

are its equal. Little

fitted cases to put in luxury motor-cars

are delightful. They

are in soft drab or

French grey suède;

and the fittings,

bottles, brushes, pen-

cil, etc., in Poilu-

blue enamel. Very

dainty, very hand-

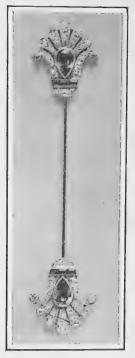
some, and very use-

to the eye.

There

Whether at 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen At Mappin Victoria Street; or 172, Regent Street, the fine and Webb's. establishments of Messrs. Mappin and Webb,

there are lovely things to choose from when buying Christmas presents. The jewellery is of the best and most beautiful, and is





GIFTS OF JEWELLERY: A SAPPHIRE-AND-DIAMOND LACE-PIN, AND A DIAMOND-AND-PLATINUM PENDANT. (MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.)

their fine gems being just right.

rubies and diamonds and emeralds are of great beauty, and are really rare, for there is a great demand for these gems now which the supply does not meet. Mappin and Webb's jewellery is most artistic, the treatment of

Everyone turns joyous steps in the direction of Harrod's when gifts are being sought. Complete gratification awaits them in that great establishmentwhere, if there is embarrassment, it is of riches. A present that will delight a woman is a work-table of real Sheraton design and made in beautiful old mahogany. It is lined with moiré, and has pockets



OF SHERATON DESIGN AND MADE IN BEAUTIFUL OLD MAHOGANY: A WORK - TABLE. (HARROD'S.)

ful, they give a cachet to the interior of a car. A cloudblue tooled leather blotter and stationery-case is of real beauty, costing £25. Novel and very pretty are flower-purses. They are in the shape of roses in tinsel, orchids, violets, or other flowers in natural colours, and are fashioned to fasten to and ornament an evening gown; and inside is a secure, neat little purse. There

For presents practical, presents luxurious, and At Burberry's. always thoroughly presents pretty there is always a run on Burberry's, where everything is done in such first-rate style. A long mink coat is a very princess of Christmas presents up to date. There are some exquijust the thing in which to skim about in a luxurious car, and site long shaped lace-pins in diaof a cosiness and becomingness quite distracting. Such an one monds and sapis herewith illustrated. It, however, is the sumptuous-there are phires, from £10 quantities of the useful and practical form of gift: exclusive gloves, up to any amount stockings, and the most varied and beautiful hand-bags in lovely that it is desired silks, on ivory and tortoiseshell frames. There are scarves of brushed Cashmere wool in all colours and most shades. These are big, cosy, to expend. The becoming, smart-looking things that make delightful presents. newest have double heads Burberry's latest is which are of dif-

Harrod's, and at all prices.

are also very new and lovely hand-bags. Hundreds of thousands

of lovely gifts for men, women, and children are to be found at

Urber silk, a material produced under the superintendence of an English artist who for many a year supplied the late Sir Herbert Tree with the beautiful dresses for which his theatre was famous. It is a delicious fabric to sight and touch. Blouses, sleepingsuits, under-wear, dressing and rest gowns made of it will be welcome presents. The colours and designs need to be seen to be appreciated. This can be done at Burberry's.

1920 Model Wilkinson Safety Razor.

There is no man with a chin so rough or a beard so stiff that Wilkinson, of sword-steel fame, to be found in Pall Mall, does not provide a razor which will secure him a clean, smooth shave in the most luxurious way. The 1920 model safety razor makes a good Christmas present. The blade can be adjusted at any angle; it has no comb, but a revolvingguard which feeds the lather on to the cutting edge.



"A PRINCESS OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS": A LONG MINK COAT. (BURBERRY'S.)

The blade is solid, and neither curls nor turns, and it can be easily removed without cutting the fingers.

To please the little ones this Christmas nothing Fairy will succeed better than gifts of Children's Writing Case. Fairy Compendiums with embossed gummed seals. Each contains dainty writing-paper and envelopes in white, Pixie-pink, Goblin-blue, and Old-Troll-gold. There is also an ingenious under-line sheet enabling the small correspondent to write straight either across or down the sheet. The outside of the compendiums are a pretty picture of fairyland. These can be secured through good stationers and stores.

At J. W. Benson's, There is good choice and there is most excellent value to be found at Messrs. J. W. Benson's Ludgate Hill. celebrated salon, Ludgate Hill, for those who are on Christmas Present thoughts intent. Very smart and greatly liked are long bar and arrow brooches in sapphires and diamonds and all diamonds. These are ornaments which particularly appeal to smart women. There are also very effective and handsome medallion-shaped pendants in sapphires and diamonds and rubies [Continued overleaf.

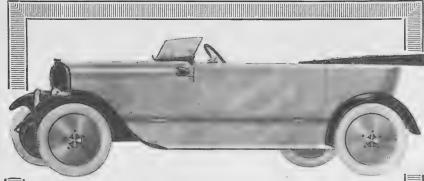
GRACE



rs an essential characteristic of skating and of the Sizaire-Berwick automobile. The beautiful lines of the latter are subjects of much favourable comment on the part of all those who refinement appreciate motoring. The Sizaire-Berwick is the Individual Car, built to suit the special requirements of its owner.

SIZAIRE BERWICK **AUTOMOBILES**

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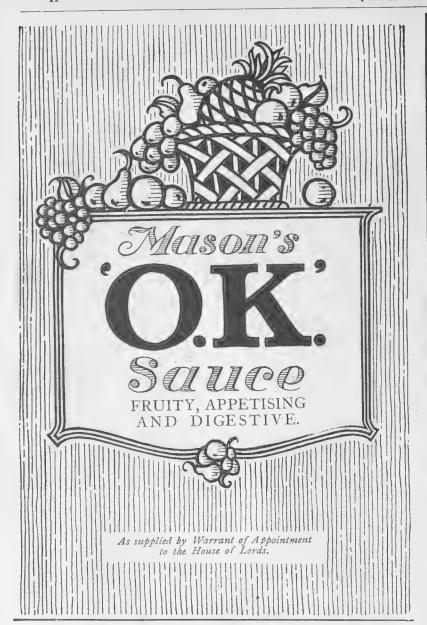
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 T^0 the discriminating man to-day the difference between the cost of really good clothes and those of inferior quality is so slight that he unhesitatingly decides in favour of the former. He knows that an extra guinea on the price is going to make all the difference, that it will at least treble the service of the clothes and the satisfaction of the wearer.

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N.B .- In our Ready-for-Wear Department, we have a large and exclusive stock of Overcoats, in all styles and fittings, cut and made in our own Establishment, at £8 - 8 - 0

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Look for the double Trade Mark on the lining.

Obtainable of all first-class Hosiers and Hatters, or the address of the nearest retailer can be obtained from

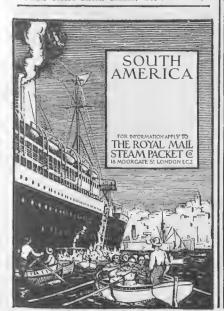
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The noticeable feature in new Coats is the narrower skirt and the wider sleeves, while the Collars are usually of the Shawl or Roll variety. Many other exquisite models designed on these fashionable lines, with stylish and distinctive effects produced by the skilful manipulation of contrasting furs, are now being shown in the salons at 163 & 165, Regent St., W.1.

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What you need is a

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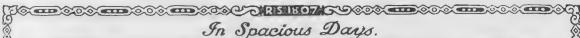
Should you prefer a Stylographic Pen, then you must have a

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It is fitted with gold and palladium point and gold spring needle, and is the best stylo made.

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The forerunners of the thousands of Service and Club men of to-day who smoke TONIDES were the Elizabethan mariners who first brought tobacco to this country. They sat in their tavern within sight of the masts of shipping and, pipe in hand, discussed the next cargo with the ship-owners, told stories of past voyages among themselves, or thrilled the simple landsmen with the romance of the sea.

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TONIDES Virginia Cigarettes de Luxe are hand-made, fragrant refreshing and refined. "They have the entree," wherever finest tobacco is valued.

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OR ALL PURPOSES 25/- TO 70/-Send particulars of your requirements. We will post



A New Suit of Clothes TO CURE A COLD

is an expensive method-

YET-Dr. Stuart Low, an authority, says in his book, "The Cure of the Nose and Throat"—"It is certain that a new suit of clothes has often greatly aided the cure of Chronic Nasal Catarrh because pockets get contaminated owing to the carrying of Handkerchiefs in them."

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50 for 2/Soft, white and absorbent, at Chemists and Stores and all branches Boots, Cash Chemists



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COST OF COA

together with the world-shortage makes it more necessary than eyer before to SAVE COAL this winter. The mere saving of coal is not sufficient—what is needed is to obtain a greater amount of heat from the reduced fuel consumption, and this cannot be done by filling in the fire-place with firebricks. The ONLY way is to instal

THE "HUE" FIRE



MANUSCONDENSIONAL PROPERTY CONTRACTOR CONTRA

It Saves from 331 per cent. to 50 per cent. coal, and that cent. coal, and that of the cheaper quality, and gives the maximum of heat IN the room (not the chimney), unobstructed by bars.

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Can now be supplied immediately from stock and fitted by a child.

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The HUE is clean, hygienic, will burn for hours without attention. The HUE has been installed in thousands of private houses, as well as adopted by the principal Railway Companies, Hotels, Hospitals and Institutions. Without post efficient Barless

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To protect the public, the word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove.

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has a great selection in Laces by the yard, Cluny, Valenciennes, Filet, etc., and in Lace Handkerchiefs, Collars, Blouses and Neckwear, suitable for Christmas Presents.

Send us a Bank Reference and we will send you a choice on approval.

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When we speak of a Tank we picture a huge cumbersome box of machinery bristling with guns. Yet Carter's Little Liver Pills, one of the smallest and most successful pills in the world, can be compared to Tanks in action, for CADTED'S

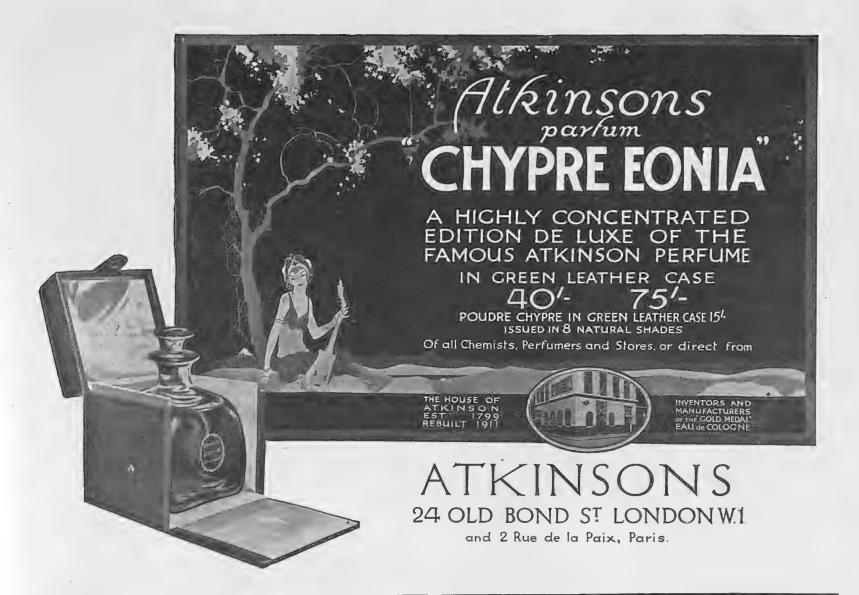
they surely and gently touch the Liver, curing Bilious Headache, Constiand pation, etc., just as Tanks

PILLS surmount obstacles and clear trenches of the enemy Try them to-day, your chemist I Good for man, woman and child.

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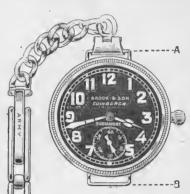
A REALLY GOOD COMBINATION

THAT THIS WRISTLET is scientifically and soundly constructed one minute's consideration will prove. In the centre are two elongated, curved links which glide on highly tempered and specially alloyed gold springs; these gently "give" with every movement of the muscle. To each is attached a solid flat curb chain, a guarantee in itself of strength and safety; never yet have we seen a broken link.

To ensure an exact fit send a strip of paper the total circumference of your wrist and state the width of your watch from A—B (see illustration). Ladies should specify the narrow model.

Silver - Burnished, 21/-Oxidised, 23/6

9-ct. Gold | Gent's £5 10s. | | Ladies' £4 10s. |



THE "SUBMARINE" WRIST WATCH, which in the illustration is shown attached to the wristlet, has a unique combination of features. It is absolutely weatherproof, perfectly non-magnetic, unaffectable by changes of temperature, and is fitted with a highly luminous dial and hands. As a good watch at a reasonable price we recommend it.

With Leather Strap, £4 10s.

You are safe in ordering, because, if after a reasonable trial you wish to do so, a return of the vurisilet or watch will command a refundment in full of your remittance.

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To His Majesty
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Is worn by many, but invisible to all. It enables any woman to regain her youthful charm and appearance. "La Naturelle" is equally adaptable to any style of hairdressing, whether with a parting-in any position—or without one. The hair has the appearance of actually growing from the scalp—detection is impossible. You can prove this for yourself by a visit to our Salons, or by sending to Dept. 4 for an "Appro." selection or Catalogue de Luxe.

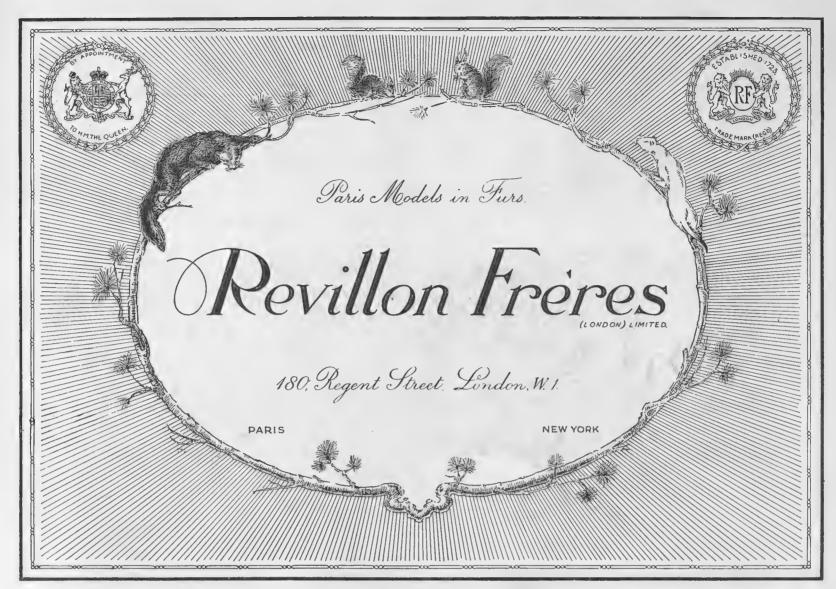
Toupet from 4 Guineas.

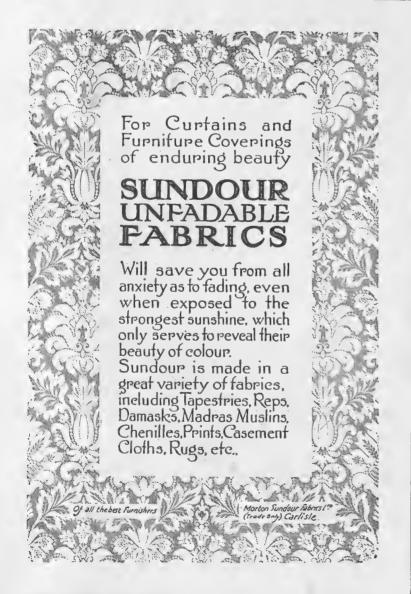
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Obtainable in all 17 degrees Blacklead, 6B to 9 H, at 4d. each

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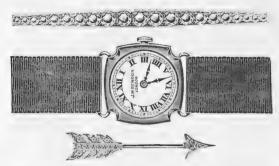
"Yes, the Lista Silks are just lovely. I have tried others, but always go back to 'Lista.' It is not only soft and beautiful, but washes and wears so well, and is really to be bought at a sensible price."



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and diamonds which make charming and much-appreciated gifts. To men and women the splendid stock of engine-lined silver cigarettecases will make keen appeal. One, quite new in shape, is square,



PERSONAL CIFTS: A BAR-BROOCH, A WRISTLET WATCH, AND AN ARROW BROOCH. (J. W. BENSON'S.)

welcomed gift. They are in plain gold, or are diamond surrounded

or enframed, according to shape, and are all that there is of the useful and ornamental. Pearl necklets from 12 guineas up to any sum are a specialty of this well-known firm.

Many people like to make presents of such lovely and lasting fabric as real Irish linen. At Robinson and Cleaver's.

The place to see it at its best, most beautiful, and most various is Robinson and Cleaver's Linen Hall in Regent Street. A favourite gift is a table-centre and set of doyleys, one dozen small and one dozen large. On a polished rose-wood, mahogany, or oak dinner-table they look lovely and distinguished. In fine embroidered linen, with borders of fine Irish crochet, such as the set illustrated, at 131 guineas, there could be no more acceptable and handsome present. There are embroidered and lace-inserted cushion-covers from 15s.; and the choice in lovely, fine, hand-embroidered afternoon-tea cloths is now very wide. For handkerchiefs there is no other such firm in all the world. There are hundreds of thousands of dozens of them at every price imaginable from, let us say, 6s. 11d. a dozen up to 15 guineas each. Every set in its way is just the very

and will carry a satisfactory number of smokes. With J. W. Benson's reputation for watches, their fine variety of wristlet timekeepers will be esteemed, for nothing makes a more thoroughly

H. J. Nicholl and Co., Regent Street, Paris, Manchester, and Liverpool, are

FINE LINEN: A TABLE-CENTRE AND OF DOYLEYS. (ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S.)

best possible value, which the great firm is able to extend to its clients because of the enormous business they do all over the world.

Sweet Violets of England.

THE SKETCH.

There is nothing more refreshingly sweet and more characteristically English

The house of H. J.

than the scent of British violets, which is essentially different from that of violets from abroad. To the Misses Allen-Brown, of The Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex, we owe it that we can send Christmas gifts to our friends of perfume embodying in a lasting and delightful way this sweetest of sweet scents. hamper containing a largest size bottle of the scent for 26s. is a warmly welcomed present. Other gift hampers there are, containing other forms of this delicious preparation—bath-crystals, powder, violet foam, etc.; these cost respectively 30s. and 40s. There are sachets and soap and all requisites of the toilet in this haunting and refreshing and really English perfume.



PERFUME FROM ENGLISH VIOLETS (THE MISESS ALL FN BROWN.)

noted for their excellence in tailoring for both sexes. They are by no means content to rest upon such laurels, but are every season adding to them by thinking out, cutting, and most beautifully tailoring new models. They study most of all refinement and distinction, together with practical utility, with a result that clients from all over the world are theirs. Nicholl Anti-Borean weather-proof motor-coat is a necessity for all who would look well and feel cosy in the car. This is but one of many specialties of the firm, whose hunting clothes have acquired the greatest favour in hunting circles. Coats and skirts by Nicholl have a cachet which makes them the acme of good style that, in fact, is a great characteristic of the firm; and to it is added comforta necessary factor in plain tailor-mades for the country. [Continued overleaf,

DOPE & BRADLE Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.



Conscription

To niet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17 ins. by 12 ins. at 1s. each.

MOURNFUL FOR MONKEYS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

Y playful philosophies are never remarkable for tolerance towards Old Men. And, being true to my generation, I censure the futilities of Age as pungently as I shall criticise the follies of Youth when I grow

old, if ever. This is one of the joys of being Irish.

We are perpetually threatened with a New World, although, early 1914 wasn't a bad one. To add to the horrors of our butterless Peace, it is claimed by Dr. Veronoff that the grafting of the interstitial gland of the monkey on an old man will bring back his exhausted force and lost youth, and restore his physical and moral vigour.

The experiments have proved wonderful. A decrepit ram, age to a man of seventy, underwent rejuvenation and pranced about with youthful joy. Deprived of the grafted glands the ram returned to its senile youthful joy. Deprived of the grafted glands the ram returned to its condition. Which was, of course, rather rough on the ram. The possibilities

It will be inspiring to see our Cabinet Ministers on a spring morning gaily tango-ing down Downing Street and ecstatically humming amorous love songs. And when they break their pledges, we shall deprive them of their monkey glands and let them return to their previously unpleasant condition—which was the fate of the poor ram.

And when the Old Men start their next glorious war, Youth will conscript all monkeys. Then the newly glanded Old shall have the privilege to be the first to prance "over the top" with starry eyes. Let us hope there will be no monkey shortage.

Another experiment of Dr. Veronoff was the grafting of the thyroid body taken from a monkey to an idiot boy. Two years later he joined the Oh, Mars, was this a proof of sanity?

From the scientific point of view the discovery is absorbing. Two years later he joined the Army.

welcome the physical rejuvenation of our Old Men, even though their monkey-

fied mentality of necessity remains unchanged.

At present Pope and Bradley's clientèle entirely consists of young and virile men. The styles of the House are not suited to elderly or obese figures. Grafted glands may, however, create a new connection. Meanwhile, prices still defy a Profiteering Tribunal. Lounge Suits, from £10 10s. Dinner Suits, from £14 14s. Overcoats, from £10 10s.

> TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY 14 OLD BOND STREET, W. & 11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.



Continued.

A treasure-At Waring trove for and Gillow's. Christmas shopping is the great house of Waring and Gillow in Oxford Street. It is a palace of many depart-

ments, in each one of which delightful presents may be acquired, and that at any price that it is intended to expend, from a few shillings up to four or five figures in pounds sterling. A present well within the reach of everyone is

a filet lace cushion-cover such as is herewith illustrated. It is a dainty and a charming thing in a room, and its modest cost is 2s. 11 2d. Christmas pudding would be a



A CAMERON SAFETY SELF-FILLING PEN.

of delicate shades in gems to go with dresses of any colour. Our illustration shows aquamarine and diamonds. There are also pink topaz, yellow topaz, pink tourmaline, set in lovely pierced work, and making an ensemble as distinguished as it is becoming. These are ideal gifts. Then

the firm's reputation for watches is, of course, world-wide, and they have a choice of them on moiré wristlets in 15 and 18 carat gold which presents every up-to-date shape and design. Rings are always in great demand, and of these the

stock is very large. are emeralds and diamonds and rubies and diamonds worth fortunes; and there are remark-ably effective and

good gem rings for Colin to give Chloe from-let us sayAN AQUAMARINE-AND-DIAMOND PENDANT. (SIR JOHN BENNETT.)

Undoubtedly, Sir John Bennett's is a place of plentiful 10 guineas. and beautiful gifts, as those who have a large number of friends to provide for will find.

jewellers.

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Pussyfoots may say; and there are other

things for which at the festive season we want to warm brandy. An old Sheffield brandy-warmer from Waring and Gillow's at 47s. 6d. would therefore be a delightful gift. A reproduction of an old

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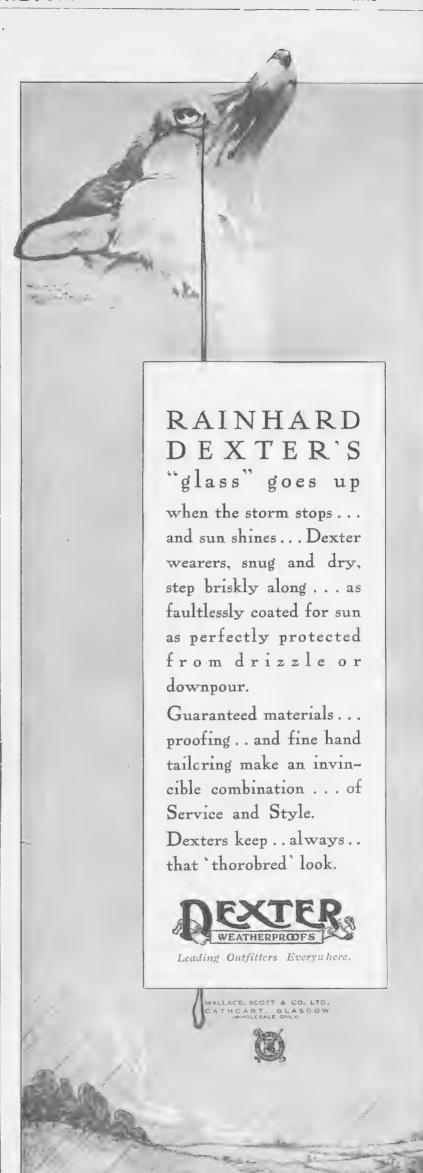
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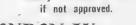


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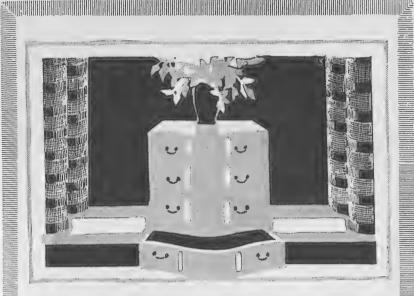
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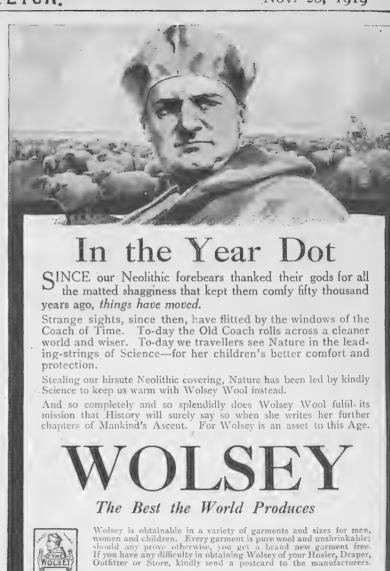






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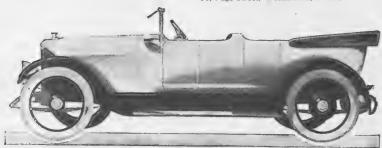


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NEW CHRISTMAS PRESENTS CATALOGUE, SENT ON REQUEST.



A NIGHT AT CIRO'S.

I T was the Kiddee's whim, the whim of a woman, that lured me into Fairyland à la mode last night. Since Ciro's arose phœnix-like from the ashes of its old self the Kiddee has, of course, become an ardent Ciroite. At the time I was not aware of that. I only knew that she had passed four hours of her mortal span at the dressmaker's, and a further irreplaceable hour at her hair-dresser's, and now was possessed of a ferocious and violent desire to go somewhere where the decorations would tone with the pink of her frock and the old-gold of her hair.

of her frock and the old-gold of her hair.

I had said I wanted to go to "Afgar." She knocked that on the head. "I.'m sorry, but you can't," she said. "You are going to dine and dance with me."

"Where?" I inquired, like a fool.

She wrinkled her nose in the way she has when, in her opinion, a man is being more stupidly idiotic than he has any right to be. "My poor boy," she protested, "Cologne has dulled you. There is only one place just now, you know."

So she took me to the new Ciro's, and there, as I stood forlorn, waiting for her to come back and take care of me, appeared a spectre of the past—Mr. Kirby, bespectacled, benevolent, and welcomed me with that same encompassing beam he had been wont to bestow on me as I entered the doors of the old Ciro's years and years ago. He drew my attention to where, just through the dining-room portal, was poised the familiar figure of the ineffable Monsieur Soso, génie des restaurants, who fled to the Criterion when his old home was metamorphosed into a Y.M.C.A. And I knew that this club was a club. We went downstairs to the American bar and had a swift cocktail called a "Monkey's Gland," which is the latest inspiration of the people who don't like Mr. Johnson, and got back before the Kiddee had finished powdering her nose.

I had a feeling that I was not going to be bored this night, and I was not. The dining-room was dizzy with the great, the noble, and the merely distinguished. In the glimpse I had of people as we passed between the entrance and our corner table I saw Lady Ridley and Lady Loughborough, the Ranee of Sarawak and Prince Paul of Serbia.

"This place," admitted the Kiddee, as she had a black cushion wedged effectively at her back, "always makes me feel more beautiful than I really am." She waited for me to take that up like a gallant gentleman, but I was swallowing an oyster. She balanced a bearded one on the tip of her fork and looked at me reflectively. "Pommery '06, shall we?"

"Umphs!" I said.

A burst of low music came from some recess down the room. It was wobbly music, with a persistent horn effect, like the overture of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faun" twisted by Pan to make a tune for nymphs to fox-trot to. "The White Lyers" the Kiddee informed me, with the air of a connoisseur showing off the treasures in his gallery. Having heard them before in Paris, I lost a little of the sensation of Aladdin in the cave which I had taken in to dinner with me. It is what one may term caviare or oyster music, that of the White Lyers; it wants getting used to; but, once one's fallen into the peculiar rhythm of it, there's no music in the world like it for dancing to, even for a waltz tango—which may seem strange, but is true. To dance to Hubbel's "Pourpre Papillon" in syncopated time is to experience a unique sensation. It makes you feel as if you were brushing the lips of the gods.

They took away the remnants of a sole Véronique and brought Noisette de Pré Salé Judithe, which was new to me, and followed it up with roast quails.

"Are we expected to dance after this dinner?" I inquired in the ear of the Kiddee.

"Of course we are," she replied, tackling her quail. Wonderful creature! She was eating a vast dinner, and she was eating it prettily. Byron did not know what he was talking about when he professed distaste at the sight of a woman feeding. The unfortunate man never lived to see the Kiddee tackling quail.

We had not finished dinner when the tables in the centre were cleared away, the carpets rolled up, and the adoration of Terpsichore began. Although I told her she was a blatant Philistine rudely to disturb a dinner of that sort before we'd had a blissful ten minutes at least over cigarettes and liqueurs, the Kiddee insisted on leaving our ices for the first dance. There was plenty of room, and—sight for the high gods!—everyone who danced could dance. No duds, no pushers, no practisers of hastily and inadequately learnt steps. No old Generals or gouty Majors being taught to waltz à la the Cologne Leave Club on Thursday nights.

We danced until midnight, and then, with the utmost ruthlessness, the club sported the oak on its members.

'Yes, it's sad," condoled the Kiddee; "I could go on dancing until four, but night clubs are out of fashion these days. Dance and dine and off to bed like good children at twelve now."

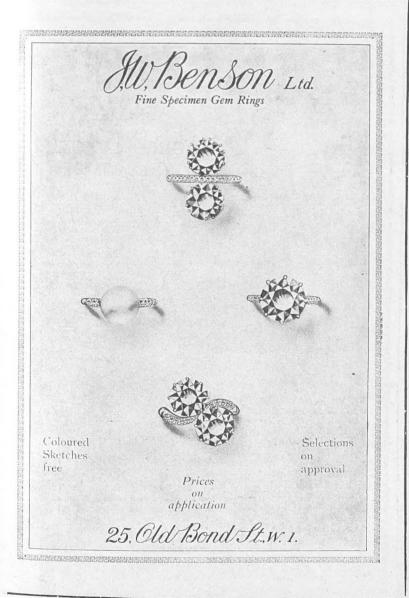
We went out to our taxi

But I know now why the Lloyd George political family party chose Deauville to rest and recuperate at. Rossignol, the *chef* of Ciro's, was there.

C. Patrick Thompson.









I had the privilege recently of seeing PICCADILLY CIGARETTES in the making, and I must confess not only to an admiration of the skill with which deft fingers formed them, but to an inexpressible delight in the rich aroma exhaled by the perfect leaves.

CIGARETTES which I have heard repeatedly expressed by my colleagues in the House and at the club.

Truly, one may smoke PICCADILLY CIGARETTES with the serene confidence that they are the highest attainment in the art of cigarette making.





Alexander Boguslavsky, Ltd.,

Specialists in Cigarettes, 55, Piccadilly, London, Continued from page 322.] course, which is just outside Calcutta, where the casualties were so heavy that by the time the last steeplechase came to be run there was only about one man left fit to ride. Personally, I had broken my collar-bone in a school about two weeks before, otherwise I could have had my pick of at least five rides. But in India in the cold weather the ground is like iron, and no amount of artificial softening in the way of top-dressing makes any appreciable difference. In the Kadir (Pigsticking) Cup, which is run in the country somewhere near Meerut, what between falls and the damage done to horses in the warfare with Mr. Pig, it was from the same cause more like a battle on some occasions than a pleasure entertainment. But then I suppose the Kadir country, with its dust and holes and nullahs and ditches you cannot always see, is about as trappy as any you could possibly find.

Shortly after these notes make their appearance we may, I suppose, hope to get the result of the investigation of the Committee of Inquiry appointed by the Jockey Club to look into the question of the finance of race-course companies, and make a pronouncement on the much-discussed question of contributions to the value of stakes from race-funds. *Prima facie*, upon some of the figures extracted by industrious critics of the alleged parsimony of race-course companies, there would seem to be no good defence; but there are, nevertheless, some extenuating circumstances, though only in some cases. In most cases I am convinced that there is not much justification for asking owners to take in one another's washing, and I know that there is a very strong feeling in some quarters upon this subject.

At this same meeting of the Jockey Club (Nov. 24) Sir Hedworth Meux will move his amendment to the present rule which governs assumed names. The gallant Admiral's motion is as follows—

 $^{\prime\prime}$ To substitute the following for Rule 93 (the words in italics show the alterations)—

"93.—(i.) An assumed name cannot be used except by permission of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and must be annually registered and a fee of 50 sovs. paid. A registration continues effectual only during the current year.

" (ii.) An assumed name once registered cannot be changed for another assumed name.

" (Sections iii. and iv. to remain as at present.)"

I think most people will catch the drift of what Sir Hedworth is after, and be entirely with him, for he is not talking at the assumed name of the order of "Mr. Abingdon," "Mr. Jersey," "Mr. Fairie," and the like, but—at another kind, which it may not be desirable in the best interests of racing to permit to be other than its owner's own. It may be invidious to say more (in fact, it is not, in my opinion, necessary to do so), but even if this amendment is not carried it will, no doubt, be just as good as a wink to a blind horse to the Stewards, who are certainly quite as likely to be wide awake to what is meant as any of the rest of us.

The Stewards' own amendment where "foreign horses" are concerned is certain to meet with approval. Rule 68 is to have added to it requirements for certificates of identity and age of any foreign horse seeking to compete in races in this country. I regard this as a very necessary addendum in view of the possibilities. It would appeal amazingly to certain of our Hun enemies to "ring one in" on us and win our Derby with a four-year-old. Not that I personally believe, even when the present bar against the enemy is lifted, that they will breed a Derby winner in Germany, though they might quite easily produce a second Kisber from Austria, where the salts and phosphates in their grass are as good as any in the world almost—certainly better than those in most other Continental countries.

Among the portraits of Peeresses in their own right in our issue of Nov. 19 appeared one described as "Baroness de Ros." This photograph, we learn, is really one of Geraldine, Baroness de Ros, widow of the twenty-fourth Baron, whom she married, as his second wife, in r896. It is his daughter (by his first wife) who is Baroness de Ros in her own right. She was born in 1854, and married, in 1878, the Hon. Anthony Dawson, son of the first Earl of Dartrey. We much regret that the wrong portrait should have been given.



